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YOUNG MEN'S CLASSES

A Proposal

H. FISHER SHORT

IN connection with the Churches of the Liberal Faith, the watchword of the hour is 'Organise!' That there is urgent need for it is patent to all who can discern the signs of the times. For churches, as for men, it is ever true that 'co-operation is life' and 'isolation is death.' We may reject many or all the schemes so far set forth for our denominational salvation, but the principle of survival by mutual support cannot for ever be ignored with impunity. Sooner or later, the individual society, satisfied to revolve within the narrow orbit of self-interest, will exhaust its limited energies and become a lifeless thing. But what has this to do with young men's classes? Simply this, that good as is the work done by a class here or there, as a whole the young men's classes attached to our Sunday schools are failures, rather than the successes they could be. In amount and quality, the work they do is beneath contempt. As to numerical increase, it is practically nil. Indeed, the average young men's class bears a close resemblance to a sieve. Year after year, juniors are drafted from the lower classes, but instead of the young men's class growing larger and larger by this regular influx of new members, it has a curious knack of remaining stationary. For this there are doubtless a variety of reasons, but one of the most important is the individualist and self-contained character of the class as it exists to-day. In a recent address, the present writer proposed what he confidently believes would, if adopted, prove to be a remedy for the prevailing non-success of young men's classes, and he now submits it to the judgment of the readers of this magazine.

The proposition is, briefly, as follows: That where possible the young men's classes of a district should be formed into a union. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, London, and other districts this could be done with comparative ease. In some neighbourhoods, only two or three classes are within convenient reach; but where there are but two, they should be linked up. Even in cases where distances are so great as to preclude personal contact, classes should get into touch with each other through the medium of the Post Office.

What could such Unions do?

In the case of smaller unions, a joint or common syllabus of subjects and essayists could be issued, the cost being distributed according to strength of membership and number of copies required. Where this were impracticable owing to the large number of affiliated classes, a general exchange of syllabuses could be made and the whole series displayed on the notice board in each class-room. Then, where distances permitted, there could be a monthly or quarterly exchange of speakers or essayists, or, if more feasible, of essays, as is the custom of some of the National Conference Guilds. In the summer time, two or more classes could organise picnics at which the common meal could be followed by a brief and bright conference for the discussion of common aims and interests. Whilst in the winter an Annual

Union Rally could be called, for the hearing of reports, the appointment of officers, and the transaction of other business connected with the union.

The advantages possible from such a movement scarcely require enumeration. But one may be pardoned for mentioning a few of them.

Fellowship

First of all there is fellowship. If only for this boon, it were well worth while to combine. Simply for the young men of our schools to get to know each other would be an immense gain. At the present moment there are many instances of young men who have no acquaintance whatever with those belonging to classes from which their own is separated by but a tram-ride or even a good walk. And all the time both are just starving from their mutual separation.

Emulation

Emulation is another and distinct advantage. When a class is alive there is a desire on the part of its members to make it as large, as useful, and as happy as possible. Owing to their isolation, many classes are moribund; but fellowship would galvanise them into vitality and wholesome discontent, and they would at once desire to make headway. Weak classes would be anxious to come into line with the strong, and strong classes would increase their energies and improve their methods so as not to be eclipsed. In this way, in each union there would speedily be an increasing class membership and a corresponding revival of enthusiasm.

Mutual Help

Mutual help would be a further notable advantage. In many existing classes, the constitution and order of procedure continue as persistently as Tennyson's 'Brook.' Members may come and members may go, but the old futile methods go on for ever; or may do, unless these classes have the benefit of others' experience and the mutual counsel a union would secure. If a class is successful, there are reasons; if those reasons could be communicated to classes that 'move like the crab, sideways,' their motion might receive a forward direction. Classes meeting in conference could learn valuable lessons from each other. Mistakes could be corrected, and methods of successful organisation could be made common property to the permanent improvement of every class in the union.

Wider Outlook

Finally, there is the desirable advantage of the wider outlook. It has become a truism and a commonplace that we religious liberals are intensely conservative. And well we may be. Cut off from the greater associations of religious activity, our denominational life has fallen within narrow limits. This unhappy contingency we have unconsciously converted into a principle. Not satisfied that others should exclude us, we have pursued the fatal policy of tacitly excluding one another, with the result that not a few of our churches may be said to know nothing of the denomination to which they presumably belong. And the inevitable corollary is that every department of such churches suffers from all the drawbacks of the narrow view. To this rule our young men's classes are no exception. One of their most pressing needs is the wider denominational outlook. If their circle of interest could be expanded so as to bring them into living touch with the classes in their own immediate neighbourhood, the gain would be great, and if the larger possibility of their knowing something of the young men and their doings throughout the denomination could be realised, so that they could be made to feel that they were part of a great progressive movement devoted to truth, liberty, and religion, the advantages would be incalculable.

This involves the further proposition of

A Federation of Unions

—ambitious, perhaps, but not I hope impossible. Such a federation would convene an annual meeting of union or class representatives to take place in London in connection with the meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in Whitweek, and a triennial meeting to fit in with the great triennial gathering of the National Conference. If we could have such a 'League of Young Unitarians' or a 'Young Men's Unitarian Association,' it would be a distinct step towards the fuller realisation of the great principles and gracious ideals of the Liberal Faith.

Those who may be moved to enquire, Where do the young women's classes come

in ? may be reminded that on the title page of a once popular book William Cobbett wrote, ' Advice to Young Men, and (incidentally) to Young Women.' Everything here presented for the benefit of young men's classes applies equally to young women's classes. If therefore, on the one hand, we can organise the strength of our young manhood and, on the other, the sweet winsomeness of our young womanhood, there is not a single phase of our church life that will not be richly blessed.

HEROES OF FAITH

ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

XI.—George Fox

THE word of a Quaker is his bond. His ' yea ' means yea, and his ' nay ' nay. Why is this ? It is because the founder of the Society of Friends early in life came to see that it was wrong to take oaths. ' When George says ' Verily,' there is no moving him.' This was the general opinion of that serious-minded boy George Fox, who afterwards became the most remarkable religious leader of his time. He held many opinions which we to-day think very peculiar, but he came to hold them after deep reflection, and holding them sincerely, he was prepared to suffer for them.

Born at Fenny Drayton in 1624, he had reached manhood when the fight between King and Parliament was at its hottest. He cared for neither party, and so would take no part in the conflict. One reason was that Jesus had taught that it was wrong to fight, and that it was better to forgive injuries than to resent them. George Fox had come to believe that this was the only way to end quarrels and bring about brotherliness and peace.

To some this seems weak and cowardly ; but in practice it is often easier to strike back than to keep calm, and forgive an injury. Again and again George Fox was violently attacked by the very people whom he was trying to help ; yet he never struck back, though he had a giant's stature, and a giant's strength.

At Ulverstone

When he was 28 years old we find him at Ulverstone, preaching against ' steeple-houses '—the name he gave to churches with spires—and condemning those ministers who cared more for their tithes than for the good of their parishioners. The people became very angry, however, and seizing the bold preacher, they beat him, dragged him along the common, and flung him into a ditch, leaving him for dead. But presently he revived, stood up on his feet, and stretching forth his hands he cried : ' Here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks, strike again ! ' One hardened individual did strike the outstretched hand so powerful a blow that all use and feeling were lost for a time, and people began to say that it was a judgment upon the bold preacher. But presently power to move the hand returned, and George Fox went away without further molestation.

Why did he endure those assaults ? He did so because he wished to make men realise that religion was the chief thing of life, that it was not a matter of tithe and prayer-book only, but that the spirit of God spoke in man, just as it spoke in the prophets and psalmists of old ; just indeed, as it spoke in Jesus. If only people realised this, George Fox thought they would understand the inspired words of the Bible better ; they would catch their true meaning, and feel their power ; they would learn God's will from his word in their own hearts and consciences.

George Fox had come to this conclusion after much serious thought ; and he longed for nothing so much as that all men should share his experience. He felt sure that if they could see this inward light, they would wish to follow it, and if they could hear this Divine voice speaking to them they would long to obey it, and so their whole lives would be more pure and noble. Hence he gave himself with heroic courage to the task of spreading this new gospel.

As a Boy

in his home at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire, he had often heard his father talk earnestly about religion. For the old weaver, Christopher Fox, was deeply attached to his parish church, and his life was so blameless that he was known as ' righteous Christer.' His mother too was a godly woman ; so that George could say : ' When I came to eleven years of age I knew pureness and righteousness, for while I was a child I was taught how to walk to

be kept pure.' So serious was he that when he saw men doing wrong a dislike arose in his heart, and he said within himself: 'If ever I come to be a man, surely I will not do so.' Early he taught himself not to strike back. 'When boys and rude people would laugh at me I let them alone, and went my way.' This was the way in which he trained himself for that power of endurance and self-control which he showed at Ulverstone, and in scores of other places throughout his life.

At the age of nineteen there came the crisis of his life. A cousin and a friend, both of whom professed to be religious, tried to induce him to join them in a drinking bout. This seemed to George Fox a shameful thing. It amazed him that men should find any pleasure in so vain a pursuit; and even more that they should regard their religion so lightly. He could not sleep for the distress it gave him. He felt that he must break away from all this vanity, and so 'at the command of God,' as he says, he broke off all familiarity with young or old, and travelled from place to place in the hope of gaining light on the deep questions that troubled his soul. He went to several priests, but none of them understood him, and their advice was of no value. For three years he was greatly perplexed. Then little by little the grand truth dawned upon him that all who have faith in God are of the Church of God, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants. Then he saw that much more than education at a college is needful to make a man a minister, but that there was 'an anointing within man to teach him.' It was to this inward influence that George Fox submitted himself. Even in times of dark doubts he felt the greatness of God's love and the wonderful power and peace that came from obedience to this inward voice. 'When all my hopes in . . . men were gone,' he says, 'so that I had nothing outwardly to help me . . . O! then I heard a voice which said: There is one even Christ Jesus that can speak to thy condition. And when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy.'

The Leathern Breeches

In order that he might be able to devote himself to his mission of spreading this new religion he hardened himself by all kinds of trials and endurances. He even made himself a pair of leathern breeches, that he might not have to spend his slender means on clothes; but always the linen beneath this rough exterior was snow white and clean. From the first he was greatly misunderstood, the more so because he would not take sides in the quarrels of the time. Often the Puritans persecuted him, for he did not hesitate to warn them against hypocrisy and tyranny. At Derby, for example, they brought him before the magistrates, and finding that they had no real charge to make against him, they accused him of refusing to take the oath of fidelity to the commonwealth, and for this he was sent to prison. It was here that the name 'quaker' was given him by the magistrate, because George Fox bade him *tremble* at the name of the Lord. At first he was badly treated in prison, but later was allowed to walk freely about the town, returning to the prison at night. It is interesting to note that his jailer, who was at first so cruel to him, afterwards repented and was so impressed by the teaching and gentleness of George Fox that he became a Quaker and remained one all his life.

In Prisons oft

But Derby was not the only prison that George Fox was confined in. At Lancaster, at Carlisle, at Scarboro', at Nottingham, and elsewhere he was confined in most foul and evil-smelling dens for many years, in all. He was arrested on the flimsiest charges which broke down at the trial. But his enemies were many, and if they failed to make good their accusations, they could always ask the judge to put the oath to the prisoner, knowing full well that George Fox would not swear an oath to save his life. With all these trials his health greatly suffered, but he never complained. He was cheered with the thought that thousands of other men and women, like the Derby jailer, and his wife, had come to share his conviction, that God speaks to men and women everywhere to-day as he spoke to the prophets, and to Jesus, in olden days, and that no harm can befall the man or woman who follows the inward light. Hence he was able to say, again and again, in the midst of the most acute sufferings, 'The Lord's power was over all.' Whenever he was free he continued preaching as before; and often thousands of people

would hang upon his words, for he spoke as one inspired. For his own freedom he cared little, but when his ' friends ' were molested he felt it his duty to complain to Cromwell, and once visited the great captain and statesman and talked long and seriously with him on the solemn duties of his office. As he left, the Protector invited him to come again, ' for,' said he, ' if thou and I were only an hour a day together, we should be nearer the one to the other.'

In the same way he approached Charles II when that monarch came to the throne, not fearing ' to stand before kings and governors,' for the sake of religion. The result was that his followers ultimately got a larger measure of freedom than other nonconformists, but they won their freedom by their dauntless courage. Late in his life Fox visited Ireland and Germany and the new English colonies in America. He died, worn out with his great labours, in 1690, after attending a conference of friends in London. But by that time his followers were numbered by hundreds of thousands, each one of whom blessed God for sending George Fox forth on his great mission of love and light and peace.

XII.—The Men of 1662

Black Bartholomew's day—the 24th of August, 1662—is a day that will never be forgotten in English annals. It is one of the blackest yet most glorious days in our nation's story ; for on that day more than two thousand ministers gave up their livings rather than do violence to their consciences. Why did they make this great sacrifice ? There had just been passed a law which insisted upon every minister of religion and every schoolmaster giving unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer, which was henceforth to be the *only* form of prayer in every church in the land. In addition, the bishops were given greater powers of control over the clergy, every one of whom was to be ordained afresh, if a Bishop had not already laid his hands upon him. These were rites which the Puritan clergy could *never* consent to. They believed in a free and open service, such as is now the rule in almost every nonconformist church. They had been ordained—many of them—by their brother ministers laying their hands upon them in apostolic fashion. They thought it wrong, and contrary to New Testament teaching, for bishops to have such large powers of interference with ministers and congregations as were now conferred upon them ; and they felt that many of the forms and ceremonies insisted upon in the Prayer Book pointed to popery.

Therefore they could not conform, and the only alternative was to leave the church they loved and the people whom they had served and face the unknown future with unfaltering faith in God. Many of them were wise and learned and great ; most of them were scholars of Oxford or Cambridge ; all of them were earnest and devout ministers. They included the ablest preachers of their time. The full extent of their sufferings we shall never know. Some were very poor ; others had large families dependent upon their scanty stipends. One reads of a minister whose eleven children looked to him for bread ; in some cases father and son were ejected ; in another no fewer than five sons of one father were deprived of their livings. Yet they were loyal both to the church and the king. Even more loyal were they to their high calling. If they could not preach in the churches, they felt that they must not neglect their people. And so in private houses, out of service hours, they gathered their faithful followers and preached to them, attending the parish churches, for the most part, in the usual hours.

Stern Oppression

But their ejection had weakened the church. Poor preachers, and men ill-equipped for their office were put in their places, and these the people would not go to hear. Often the sermon of the ejected minister was more largely attended than the service in the parish church. This led to jealousy, and increased severity in the law was the consequence. The ejected ministers were forbidden to address congregations of more than four persons ; they were even forbidden to go within five miles of any congregation to which they had ministered. If they broke these harsh laws they were threatened with terrible penalties. The result was that many were forced to learn trades, to become farmers, or even labourers in order to earn a scanty pittance for their families, and to go from place to place disguised in order to escape

detection. Yet they never complained or accused their persecutors. They were heroes in a great fight for spiritual freedom, though they regarded themselves simply as men who tried to do their duty in a hard and evil time. Many of the stories of their sufferings have come down to us. Let me tell you of two who were little known, but whose lives furnish a record of faithful friendship unsurpassed even by that of David and Jonathan.

Reynolds and Whitlock

In the register of the chapel at Derby, of which I am minister, under the date 1697 payments are recorded to six or seven of these ejected ministers, for delivering lectures to the congregation of those distant days. Two of these men were the Revs. William Reynolds and John Whitlock. At that time they were ministers of the congregation that established the High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham. Their career reads like a romance. From their student days till death they lived under the same roof, neither marriage nor persecution having the power to sever them, for a period of more than fifty years.

Let us glance briefly at their story.

In the year of the Great Plague, 1625, the wife of a London clothworker, Wm. Reynolds, left London for Bewers, on the border of Suffolk and Essex, where she gave birth to a son who was called by his father's name. The boy was well trained, first privately, then at Christ Church School, and lastly at Cambridge. While there, at the age of eighteen he met John Whitlock, also the son of a London merchant, and a promising scholar. Both were intent on the ministry. The hopes of young Reynolds were hindered by the fact that he was suddenly called upon to take the place of a scapegrace brother, and represent his father's commercial interests in Russia ; but before doing so he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts—being then only nineteen. During his absence abroad his father died, leaving a load of debt. It looked as if young Reynolds' hopes for a ministerial career could never be realised. He resolved to go to the Straits ; but just as he was about to start he was arrested for his father's debts—quite illegally as it turned out, but to his own best interests as the issue proved, for neither ship nor crew were ever seen again. His friend Whitlock often visited him in prison, and on his release in 1646 invited him to share his rooms at Leighton where he was temporarily settled as pastor. Writing of this fact Whitlock says : ' I did earnestly invite my dear brother Reynolds, to come down thither and live with me, in order to his studying and preaching ; which invitation he did accept of ; and in December, 1646, he came down and lived with me, and we have lived together ever since till God took him to himself the 26th February, 1697–8, always living under the same roof (though while he was married keeping distinct houses) and studying in the same room, and writing at the same table.' By 1647 both friends had become Masters of Arts in both Universities ; meanwhile preaching at Leighton and Ailesbury parishes seven miles apart.

The Call to Nottingham

Remarkable were the journeys which the two friends took together. Yearly they would go north or south or east or west on preaching expeditions. It was a pure piece of good fortune that brought them to Nottingham. A carrier from the town named Cook found the roads to London so bad that he avoided Fenny Stratford and went round by Leighton, and while lodging there learned of the zealous ministry of the two friends. Nottingham being without a fixed minister, he urged them to visit the town. Next month one of the churchwardens followed on the track of the carrier, with an urgent request, signed by the Hon. Francis Pierpont, M.P., and by influential people in the town, urging at least a temporary trial. The upshot was that they went, explained that they stood for the Presbyterian ordinances, and in October, 1651, were ordained in London as Vicar and lecturer respectively of the parish at stipends of £60 a year each, to be increased to £100 a year when they married. In 1652 both married, Mr. Reynolds choosing for wife a daughter of Alderman Mellor, of Derby. This would doubtless be Robert Mellor, who was Mayor of the town in 1647. All went well with this ideal little community till the year 1660, when Charles II came to the throne. From that year onwards they were disturb-turbed by charges of not reading the Book of Common Prayer, and at the beginning of July in 1662 they were suspended.

Their later experience is typical of many others. In 1685 they were both

Arrested and put in Prison

at Nottingham, nothing being brought to their charge. After twelve weeks' confinement they were released; but as the result of his imprisonment Mr. Reynolds had contracted an illness which nearly killed him. It was a year before he fully recovered. In the middle of this illness the Five Mile Act came into force, and on a cold snowy March day Mr. Whitlock had to move his sick freind to Bingham, so as to be five miles from their former congregation. After a time they found a home at Sherbrook, near Mansfield, and later at Mansfield itself, where they lived until 1687. 'During our stay at Mansfield,' says Mr. Whitlock, 'God gave us (blessed be his name) many opportunities of going over to our people at Nottingham, though with some intervals, by reason of persecution sometimes breaking out. We usually were with them every fortnight Lord's day; as my brother Barrett was with them the other Lord's day, assisted by some of our brethren in a stated course.'

And he goes on to praise God for this highly valued mercy 'denied to several others of God's ministers, who, to their great grief, were quite driven from their people and their relation to them rendered incapable of being kept up by personal converse, or any proper ministerial acts.'

In Perils Oft

Despite this cheerful note there were experiences that greatly tried the two friends. On one occasion there was a warrant out against Mr. Whitlock for £20 for preaching at Nottingham; but the officers would not break open the doors, which they carefully kept shut. Another time, there being an election, they went to Newark to record their votes as freeholders; but they were seized for coming within five miles of a borough, and sent to prison for six months. Even in this sore experience they see much to give thanks for, inasmuch as it brought them to Nottingham among their congregation. In the month of July there was great excitement over the Duke of Monmouth's landing, and so the prisoners were sent to Hull. In this again they see the overruling hand of God, for it 'proved by the motion of the air to be of advantage to our health.' Thus they continued, 'in perils oft,' until in 1687 their house at Mansfield being wanted by the owner, they were thrust out, and being unable to find another, they boldly returned to Nottingham, where they ministered unmolested to the Presbyterian congregation at High Pavement till death released them from their joyful and successful service. Mr. Reynolds died in 1698, aged 72. His brother Whitlock survived him till October, 1708, when he died aged 82. These are typical of hundreds of learned, pious, and uncomplaining men who in those evil times bore their witness for liberty of conscience at the cost of great personal suffering and never murmured at their lot.

OUR STREAM

J. LONSDALE COX

It began in a little trickle from the brown moor by the side of the Keighley Road. Tinged with peat, it made its way down the slope opposite Scurdon till it joined the bigger stream that used to fill the dam, below where the reservoir embankment is, which was wont to furnish power for the grey old mill still standing, though no longer of the importance in the valley it formerly was.

Sloping grazing fields added to it, until by the time it reached the Bridge leading to the golf-house it had grown to fairly wide dimensions, with nice pools, and occasional rocky impediments; and here and there a slim brown trout shooting from reach to reach.

It curled round the field above Brook House and passed under an ancient horse bridge built on stout piers of rough stone, and then widened out and slipped between its first stepping stones, having on the right the old grey mill in which the fortunes of the Akroyd family, with all their potential benefits to others, took rise.

A winding stream, brawling a little even on these summer days, and then slipping into quiet pools restful and refreshing.

The path by the water, trodden by many generations, has seen a long succession of workers pass down to the old mill. Children of four and five years, carried with their legs dangling round the necks of elders, their childish eyes either not quite

awake or still closed in the sleep that would only be broken by the noise of the machinery when they reached the mill.

No Factory Acts in those days! And little legs lengthened by tall wooden pattens to enable them to reach their work, had to stand to their task till the day was over, when their owners were hoisted shoulder high again and carried back to their cottage homes to bed.

In winter darkness this journey was dangerous with a swollen stream, and tradition clings like an ancient cobweb round that far-off winter morning when five little ones tried to make their way down in the darkness and slipped into the water to their death; the little bodies, that ought to have been warm in bed, caught between the bridge and the stepping-stones, giving the first announcement of the disaster.

So it slips past Brook House, with the overhanging eaves under which martins for untold years came to nest, past ancient mistals and byres, never failing cletches of poultry under the watchful eyes of silly if motherly hens, with a murmuring accompaniment of 'clucks' rising and falling, varied by the rasp of a chain as the cows in the stalls heave up their heads for another supply of cud and then relapse into a dreamy grinding of the same.

It has got bigger now, and rounds the bottom fields of Stod Fold with more ambitious movement—perhaps, who can tell—recalling the skirmish that took place in the Bloody Field above, when Royalist and Cromwellian alike got grisly hurts and panted down to the brook side to wash away the stains of battle and to slake their thirst! some of them left up yonder with their faces quietly turned to the blue sky, and their swords and firelocks to rust away, occasional bullets being turned up yet.

Higher still, moorland in solemn stretches to far-off Withins, beloved of Halliwell Sutcliffe.

On the opposite side of the valley stands Lane Head, and below, the grey stone dwelling in which the good Colonel was born.

The folk never tire of telling of his kindly doings. How at Christmas he came year after year, and the old mill was turned into a festive place, everybody who had worked for him or his father or who had in any way been associated with them being invited to a good Yorkshire knife and fork tea, followed by pipes and talk and a sup o' summat to finish the evening. And the good man—greatest citizen grown by Halifax—would listen and talk and smile and contrive some fresh way in which to bless the lives of thousands not yet born. Penny Banks, Free Libraries, Working Men's Colleges, Allotment gardens, magnificent day schools, Churches—one of them the Cathedral of modern North Country churches—Sunday schools, model dwellings, with Flower Shows instituted and all manner of big-wig visitors—Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, Beresford Hope of High Church renown, and artists and authors and whosoever could say a wise word and a helpful, or do beautiful work with pencil, brush, or chisel, testifying to his determination to do his best for his people; and now the house of him, childless and gone to his rest, a museum and resting-place for Halifax antiquities, with a marble staircase and entrace hall, a dream of beauty and a continual sermon in stone, with a lovely little domestic chapel beautified and glorious, telling to all gazers that the centre of life should be spiritual, from whence as from a never-failing spring all manner of wise and beautiful and kindly things may issue.

The things that Socialism has spouted about for the last thirty years were all begun and carried on by him; and House of Parliament legislation for education and help to sick and aged has been mainly the carrying out of what he did for love and goodwill.

Onward goes the stream until it reaches another set of stepping stones worn into hollows. How and when they were placed no one knows. They look like Titanic pillars stuck upright there; stiff, stark, and immovable as the hills.

Upward from them is a footpath through grazing fields to Cockpit Farm, name reminiscent of the old sport—fun for the spectators, death to the actors. Brockholes lies just below.

The keeping of poultry still attaches to the house, part of which is the oldest building in the valley—two big mullioned windows going back to the days of good Queen Bess.

What stupid sackless creatures hens are! The old farmer of Brockholes—a regular old pagan—was settling the fate of one yesterday, the rest of them standing round and

looking as interested and centered in what was going on as the members of a female Methodist class meeting in the preachment of the leader. They never seemed to realise what an ending to one of their number it was, but went on looking solemnly, then pecking a mouthful meditatively, as though they had come to the conclusion that it was the common lot of hens, or as if they were listening to a chapter from some 'Hen Drelincourt on Death.'

How inconsequently they lay away! The other day in a corner no one had ever suspected of presenting any inducement, twenty-four eggs were found carefully deposited, sitting on them being a physical impossibility. In another tight corner, where only standing was possible, one had stood and dropped her egg—breaking it in the fall. It did not seem to matter! In out of the way spots, among ashes and bits of tin, broken pots, and all manner of unloveliness eggs keep turning up. Meantime the nice lairs of hay are scorned and never made use of! But what can be expected? The smallest head to biggest body and least brain-pan compared with the size of the creature is characteristic of hens—whereas, if their thinking apparatus were as highly organised as that of an ant, then in proportion to their sizes hens ought to be as wise as Emeritus D.C.Ls. and as shrewd and capable as Lord Halsbury.

But the stream has got beyond our reach and has passed by the front of the artificiality of 'Missenden' Reservoir, and further on it gets polluted with dye stuffs and thickened with rubbish and dangerous with broken tins and bottles, which form of defilement ought to be punished as of the Hebrews—the sinners being taken outside the camp and stoned with stones.

It has lost its freshness. It is no longer clean. The special quality of water—purity—is gone for ever. So in its lower reaches and flowings it is no longer 'our stream.' It gets merged in rivers to which Styx was undefiled. Alas! like all earthly streams, in time it has got fouled.

Only up yonder where gates are pearl, and the city streets are pure gold as it were transparent glass, is there a pure river of water—life-giving and wholesome, healing and cool.

. . . . . .

Hark! across our stream from yonder shaven slope comes the click of golf balls!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CHILD MIND

MARY FRANCIS

The Evolution of the Child Mind and its Relation to Sunday School Teaching.

I AM convinced that many estimable persons engage in Sunday school work from a genuine desire to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of those who attend, otherwise, they would not voluntarily give up their leisure time or hardly-earned rest. Yet, after a while, we find many of these same people overcome by difficulties, discouraged by the apparently ill-success attending their efforts, disheartened by their failures, feeling, at last, wearied and dissatisfied, compelled to consider their attainments as unsatisfactory and to feel it a relief to withdraw from Sunday school teaching.

One thing needful

They do not lack intelligence, information, or ability; what they do lack is a knowledge of child nature and its developments. It is very often not so much a question of 'What to teach' but 'How to teach it.'

Children may be regarded as human buds, teachers whether amateur or professional as gardeners whose duty should be to cultivate and bring into more or less perfect maturity the human blossom. This implies growth: the growth of the child mind proceeds very slowly. It is very difficult to say where one stage in the development ceases—if it ever does cease—and the next stage begins. In some it is much more rapid than in others and necessarily depends largely upon external circumstances such, for example, as environment,—home influence and the like,—but all children pass through the same phases.

Observation

Let us briefly consider the processes of this evolution. In the very young child, long before he can walk or talk, we notice how keenly his eyes follow our movements; how he reaches out to the bright light or flame; how he strives to grasp the shining bunch of keys; how he is charmed with jingle, glitter, and glare; and almost as soon as he can lisp any words at all he can speak the word 'pretty.' Extending ob-

servations, we notice his never ceasing activity; kicking and crowing, later, running or tumbling, he is seldom still for more than a few minutes. Indeed, if he *were* to sit or lie still for any length of time we could safely assume he was either ill, asleep, or dead. This activity, moreover, is demonstrated in numberless ways. The child, soon tiring of his doll, turns to his picture-book, and shortly after is quite ready to leave that for some other amusement.

Summarising the first stage, we find it to be one of keen observation and ceaseless and varying activity.

When the child is a little older, we find him copying the action of his elders, oftentime unconsciously and from a variety of causes. It may be from admiration, or strong dislike, or from the vividness of the impression. Anyone who has watched children at play cannot have failed to notice how closely the home circumstances, the teacher's mannerisms, the playmates' failings or peculiarities have been minutely observed and faithfully reproduced. If 'imitation is the sincerest form of flattery,' it is also, not infrequently, a silent form of rebuke, and parents and teachers alike would do well to remember this.

Inquiry

Another sign of development is an insatiable curiosity. 'Why do you do that?' 'Where did that come from?' 'Why does the drum make a noise?' 'What causes the movement of the mechanical toy?' They are pulled to pieces in an attempt to discover. A multitude of 'whys' and 'wherefores' are asked in the assimilation of facts—whys and wherefores which many adults are content to settle by the remark, 'Don't ask questions!' quite oblivious to the fact that the child will endeavour to solve the riddle himself and be labelled in consequence 'tiresome,' 'destructive,' 'disobedient.'

Together with the experimental spirit so conspicuous in children is the possession of a more or less vivid imagination. It is this faculty which causes them to take such keen delight in fables and fairy-tales, legends and tales of adventure, and to make them the basis for their games and amusements. Sometimes this imagination runs riot, and the parent or teacher is shocked to discover 'the spirit of untruth.' The child is as likely to outgrow this stage of development as he did his first frocks.

If the first stage is one of observation, the second is undoubtedly one of inquiry and reproduction.

Conception and Inference

We now come to the age of conception. Until a child realises an idea it has no existence for him. You may tell a baby he will be burnt if he plays with fire. The information conveys no distinct meaning; but should he lay hold of a live coal he quickly experiences a sensation of burning which teaches him far more impressively than any amount of mere telling.

Many boys are characterised as venturesome, daring, or foolhardy, whereas it is practically impossible for them, *as yet*, to realise the full effects of their own actions. Experiencing that a line of action produces desirable consequences or the reverse soon leads to the conception of good and evil, right and wrong, and it may safely be assumed that most people will prefer the good and right rather than the evil and wrong.

Having developed the power of forming conceptions it is not a great step to that of Inference. Certain causes produce definite results, and it is due to this invariable law of nature that we can gauge the consequences of a line of action.

The three stages of Observation, Inquiry, and Inference are the fundamental processes underlying all successful work, whether it be mechanical or intellectual. The mechanic, the lawyer, the doctor must each make these the three stages for his calculations, and it is only by subordinating his teaching to the evolution of these faculties that the teacher can ever hope to produce the highest results.

Many make the common mistake of attributing all the faults and difficulties to the children and none to those who teach. Children cannot be moulded, like jellies, into a desired form. The necessary degree of intelligence, self-control, and goodness sufficient to do this is not possessed by any individual; but as these qualities are possessed by some adults to a much greater extent than others, it follows that the perversity of children is largely dependent on the leading characteristics of their guardians or teachers.

Qualities of a good Teacher

Deep insight, genuine sympathy, the exercise of strong self-command, and an unvarying consistency are the necessary requisites of an ideal teacher. Without these, teaching is laborious, discipline is difficult, and teachers and taught experience a sense of dissatisfaction resulting in irritation or indifference.

Moral and intellectual growth proceeds very slowly. It is essential that our subject matter and the method of teaching should be modified to suit the disposition and understanding of the children at each phase of their development. Hence, it follows, that lessons eminently satisfactory in their results with infants would signally fail both as regards matter and method if given to adult scholars.

The basal principle of Lessons

We have seen that the chief powers of young children deal mainly with observation; also that the attention can be concentrated on one particular subject for a short period. It follows, therefore, that we must give the child at this stage something to notice, something to do. A healthy, active child cannot obey the injunction to sit still and listen without experiencing extreme discomfort, possibly suffering great nervous irritation. On the other hand, the lessons should not be of such duration as to cause the children to evince signs of weariness. Lessons illustrated by means of pictures, coloured sketches on a blackboard—if one has a class-room to oneself and the ability to draw—or an attempt to make individual children represent the characters named in the lesson, will secure an interest and attention and make an impression more vivid and lasting than can be attained by simply talking or reading. Obviously the lessons to infants must be simple in character, full of pleasant variety, and couched in easy language. A fruitful source of failure is to talk over the heads of young people.

We now come to lessons of a more advanced nature, and, as we found the second stage of evolution dealt with Inquiry we shall derive greater satisfaction if we make our teaching run on parallel lines. This may be done by encouraging individual scholars to ask questions, to give examples, to make criticisms of the actions of the characters in the lesson, by leading them to attempt a reason for calling certain results good or bad, to be admired or deprecated. You will seldom find the children make an error in judgment. I have found it a good plan to announce the topic of the next lesson and on the Sunday get two or three scholars to give their views on the matter, offering here a remark, there a suggestion, finally myself gathering up the chief points and summarising. It ensures a healthy happy activity on the part of the pupils and makes the acquisition of knowledge pleasurable instead of indifferent or careless. This system will certainly involve considerable thought and preparation on the part of the teacher, but it will have the happiest results, for the relation between the teacher and his pupils is likely to be far more friendly and considerably more influential.

Finally, we come to the lessons for the adult scholars, lessons which should appeal to their reasoning faculties. I should certainly not advocate giving lessons of a strictly theological nature to any but the oldest scholars. Until people grow up to the level of a high belief they cannot receive it. You may teach little children, parrot-like, to repeat certain creeds and formulas, but the words are perfectly unintelligible. Until *adults* have reason for their beliefs they hold them nominally but not actually; how much more, then, does the remark apply to juveniles.

We must remember that our scholars are passing through a transition period, from infancy to adult life. This transition period is one requiring on the part of the teacher much judgment, tact, and sympathy; but there is every reason to believe that, where the methods proceed naturally, they will end in gratification to teachers and children alike, and promote a friendship extending far beyond the school period.

I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way, and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the centre of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure. So it is with nations: wrong may seem to triumph, right may seem to be defeated, but the gravitation of eternal justice is toward the throne of God. Any political institution which is to endure must be plumb with that line of justice.—*John P. Altgeld.*

GOD'S GIFTS TO MAN

Mrs. Herbert Hayens

How many blessings God hath given
To man—his chief creation!
The sun by day, the moon by night,
The seasons in rotation,
The skill to use each element—
Air, water, light, and heat—
Make it obedient to his will,
And by its strength defeat
Each obstacle opposing
The progress of his plan.
All these and more our God has given
To his creation—man.

We make the soil bring forth for us
Great stores of goodly treasure.
We tunnel 'neath it strenuously,
And find of ores full measure,
And precious stones of lustre rare,
That centuries have hidden;
None of her treasures mother earth
Has e'er to man forbidden.
We mine for coal, we drill for oil,
We hew down stores of lumber,
That we may make of all we find
New blessings without number.

The sky above, the earth below,
The sea, the pond, the river,
Each yields to us some blessing fair
For which we thank the giver.
We plough the main with mighty ships,
We're mastering the air,
No land so distant, hard to reach
But man may travel there.
Of electricity and steam
We now make servants willing,
Their latent power is ours at will,
Our purposes fulfilling.

The birds, the beasts, the fishes, too
Are ours for use or pleasure;
Yet o'er them all God keeps a watch,
Each creature he doth treasure.
They're meant for use, and not abuse,
We all must understand,
Nor take in sport one precious life
Formed by his loving hand.
For when the last great trump shall sound,
And round his throne we gather,
We each must answer for our deeds
To him, our Heavenly Father.

Whosoever eats up, robs, or steals the nourishment of another commits as great a murder, as far as in him lies, as he who starves a man or utterly undoes him; such does the usurer, sitting the while safe on his stool when he ought to be rather hanging on the gallows. Little thieves are put in the stocks; great thieves go flaunting in gold and silk.—*Martin Luther.*

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth or a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt.'—*Charles Kingsley.*

ISAAC T. HOPPER

A Hero of the Anti-Slavery Movement

HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.

Characteristics

THE foregoing stories show us clearly what kind of man Isaac Hopper was—how sympathetic, generous, and courageous was his heart; how clear, just, and resourceful was his mind. No wonder he soon became one of the best known men in Philadelphia. 'Every schoolboy,' we are told, 'had heard something of his doings; and as he walked the streets everybody recognised him, from the Chief Justice to the chimney-sweep.' It was not only his work for the slaves which made him known in the street. For he was wonderfully apt in saying the right word concerning things which took place there. One day, when he saw a man beating his horse brutally, he stepped up to him and said very seriously, 'Dost thou know that some people think men change into animals when they die?' The man was surprised at the question, and answered that he knew of no one holding that belief. 'But some people do believe it,' rejoined Hopper; 'and they also believe that animals may become men. Now I am thinking if thou shouldst ever be a horse, and that horse should ever be a man, with such a temper as thine, the chance is thou wilt get some cruel beatings.' This neat thrust went home, and Hopper followed it up with more of his frank but friendly talk. Sometimes he interfered in street affairs at considerable risk.

After a visit to Ireland, he could imitate the Irish brogue perfectly, and took great pleasure in making Irishmen believe that he was a fellow-countryman. It was more than fun, however, when he went up to two fighting Irishmen, and seizing one of them by the arm, said, 'I'm from ould Ireland. If thou *must* fight, I'm the man for thee. Thou hadst better let that poor fellow alone. I'm a dale stouter than he is; and sure it would be braver to fight me.' The effect was magical. The man gazed for a moment in astonishment, then burst out laughing, threw his coat across his arm, and walked away. The result was similar in another case. 'He's got my prayer-book, and I'll give him a bating

for it ; by St. Patrick, I will,' shouted one of the combatants. ' Let me give thee a piece of advice,' said the peacemaker. ' It's a very hot day, and bating is warm work. I'm thinking thou hadst better put it off till the cool of the morning '—words which cooled the man's temper at once.

It should be mentioned that Hopper's outward appearance was very striking. For he kept to the old Quaker dress as worn by William Penn, and yet beneath the broad-brimmed hat the features were those of Napoleon. Joseph Buonaparte, the eldest brother of the Emperor, often spoke of this latter point. After the battle of Waterloo, he spent many years in America, and, living near Philadelphia, he frequently met Hopper on the Delaware steamboats. He used to say that he had never seen anyone so like the Emperor, and that Hopper, by appearing in Paris in appropriate uniform, might easily excite a revolution.

This outward resemblance is an interesting fact, for there was certainly a partial resemblance in character. Hopper was like Napoleon in strength of will, the difference was that his feelings and aims were unselfish. He loved truth and justice, and where they led he followed cheerfully. Power and wealth he never sought, and power and wealth of the ordinary kind never came to him. The next cause that he took up helped to make him really poor in the world's goods, but he did not for a moment flinch.

Elias Hicks

Among the Quakers in America there was at this time a remarkable man named Elias Hicks. He was a very eloquent speaker, and he spoke his thoughts boldly. He was firmly convinced that slavery was wrong, and he never hesitated to say so. He adopted and urged others to adopt every means short of violence by which the wealth and power of the slave-holders could be diminished. He even refused to eat or wear anything produced by slave labour, such as sugar and cotton. He used to say, ' It takes *live* fish to swim *up* stream,' and he shewed his own live-ness by preaching more earnestly and directly against slavery when he was in slave States (such as Virginia or Carolina) than when he was in free States like New York and Pennsylvania, for the simple reason that it seemed to be more needed there. Upon one of his visits to Virginia, a slave-holder who came to hear him from curiosity, left the meeting in great wrath, swearing he would blow out that fellow's brains if he ventured near his plantation. When the preacher heard of this threat, he put on his hat and went straight off to the forbidden place. In answer to his enquiries, a slave informed him that his master was then at dinner, but would see him in a short time. He seated himself and waited patiently until the planter entered the room. With a calm and dignified manner he thus addressed him : ' I understand thou hast threatened to blow out the brains of Elias Hicks, if he comes upon thy plantation. I am Elias Hicks.' The Virginian acknowledged that he did make such a threat, and said he considered it perfectly justifiable to do such a deed, when a man came to preach rebellion to his slaves. ' I came,' replied Hicks, ' to preach the Gospel, which bids slaves as well as other men forgive injuries. But tell me, if thou canst, how this Gospel can be *truly* preached, without showing the slaves that they are injured, and thus making a man of thy sentiments feel as if they were encouraged in rebellion ? ' This led to a long argument, maintained in the most friendly spirit. At parting the slave-holder shook hands with the preacher, and invited him to come again. His visits were renewed, and six months afterwards the Virginian emancipated all his slaves.

Charged with Heresy

Not always among the Quakers themselves did Hicks meet with such open-mindedness. On the contrary, from many of them he received the most persistent opposition. Some of them were biassed by their personal interests—they would lose business if slavery were interfered with. Some complained that Hicks's rousing appeals disturbed the calm of their meetings—the subject of slavery, they thought, was too controversial to be introduced there. Some even talked as though great evils like slavery would pass away of themselves, and as though God did not require men to work against them. And then besides, Hicks was charged with teaching doctrines which were not true Quakerism, but more like Unitarianism, and to many this name was in itself

dreadful. But in reality, what seemed to his enemies a fault in Hicks was only this, that his religious faith was simple, and that he applied it in a very thorough and practical way to the affairs of daily life.

For him God was the supreme and ever-living Spirit, the Power of Wisdom and Love, ever revealing himself anew in the world. Jesus was a messenger of the Divine Wisdom and Love. Believe those truths, and then what need is there to vex your mind with strange questions about three divine persons in one? Why waste your strength in trying to reconcile all parts of the Bible, and to wring some precious meaning out of every part? Our great duty is to apply in every sphere of life a few grand principles to which the Bible and the hearts of good men in every age bear witness. This was the line of thought which Elias Hicks took, and it explains why he was earnest against slavery, and against everything which seemed to lend it any support. Slavery was inconsistent with the ideas of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men, therefore he was against slavery.

The Hicksites

Naturally this kind of teaching, though bitterly opposed by some, was warmly welcomed by others. These latter regarded Hicks as a true prophet and a noble leader, and they encouraged and supported him. Soon the controversy became so warm and so general that the Quakers seemed, says Mrs. Child, to be a Society of Enemies instead of a Society of Friends. And at last in 1827 the 'orthodox' and the 'Hicksites' (said to have been about 70,000 or half the Society in America) separated,and they have remained separate ever since.

Hopper's Friendship

Now Elias Hicks and Isaac Hopper were so like one another in character and way of thinking that they soon became fast friends, and Hopper took a leading part in the Hicksite movement. But to be a friend of Hicks was to lose the friendship of his enemies. And in this way Hopper lost many friends, and much business. This was a serious matter for him. For, owing to a long illness, and his always generous helping of others, he had run into debt. There was no reserve to meet fresh difficulties. His wife, however, and his numerous children rallied round him with affectionate loyalty. They all agreed to live as simply as possible. Moreover, his wife opened a tea-store and his elder daughters went out to earn as teachers. One day on waking up from a nap in his chair, he found that some money had been secretly slipped into his pocket. It was the loving act of one of those daughters. She knew that a bill was waiting to be paid, and she wanted to pay it without saying so.

A New Opening

As time went on, a new opening presented itself. The Hicksites wished to set up a book-shop in New York for the sale of their writings, and Hopper was invited to take charge of it. He accepted, and removed from Philadelphia in 1829. In 1841 he undertook also similar duties for the Anti-Slavery Society. And now a strange thing happened. Elias Hicks had died in 1830, the zeal of many of his followers had cooled, some of them had fallen into stiff ideas and ways, like those of the 'orthodox' Friends whom they had left. Actually one preacher, whom the majority seemed to approve, frequently denounced reformers of various kinds, but most of all abolitionists, whom he called hypocrites. He said on one occasion, 'I had a thousand times rather be a slave, and spend my days with slave-holders, than dwell in companionship with abolitionists.' At last, this and other strange utterances were severely rebuked in the journal of the Anti-Slavery Society under the heading 'Rare Specimen of a Quaker Preacher.' And hence came trouble for Isaac Hopper. For he and two of his Hicksite friends were on the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and complaint was made against them that they had allowed the rebuking article to appear. The complaint was unreasonable, but it served its purpose. The Editor was responsible for the article, not Hopper and his friends, but they refused to condemn it, and so the complaint against them was vigorously pushed until they were 'disowned' by the Hicksite body, i.e. turned out of membership.

This incident has been described in a few words, but many words and much time were spent over it, and it often made Hopper sad. He grieved to think that the Hicksites, after being persecuted, had

turned persecutors. Still, he believed in Quakerism as he understood it, and he hoped the right spirit would prevail in the end. So he went on attending meeting as before, and even sat in his old place, which was a prominent one. This was his way of showing that, in his opinion, the Society had gone wrong and should change its course, not he. He was more patient than some members of his family, who made a protest by deserting the Society altogether.

Vigorous Old Age

At this time Hopper was over seventy years old, but he was still strong and vigorous, and there were ten more years before him—years almost as busy and full of usefulness as any others. But there is only one part of his work during this period which requires special mention. In the year 1845 some of the leading citizens in New York met to form a Society for helping discharged prisoners to live by honest and useful work, and to avoid getting back into jail. Isaac Hopper attended the meeting, and when he spoke the general feeling was that he was the very person to act as the Society's agent. Being now free from some other duties, he accepted the post. The fact was that work amongst prisoners was by no means new to him. In Philadelphia he had been for many years one of the 'inspectors' of the prison—an unpaid officer whose duty it was to visit and supervise. He had taken this duty seriously, and had proved himself so real a friend to prisoners that he won a remarkable influence over them. He knew the defects of the old system of prison discipline, which was little more than harshness founded on fear. He used to give the following illustration of it, which he had from the mouth of his friend Dr. William Rogers.

Prison Chaplains

Dr. Rogers was a clergyman in Philadelphia who belonged to the first Society founded in America for 'relieving the miseries of prison life.' In the year 1787 he obtained permission from the Sheriff to address prisoners on Sundays. But the jail-keeper regarded the experiment with dread. He assured Dr. Rogers that his life would be in peril, and the most terrible things might happen. And when the fatal hour arrived, he actually had a loaded cannon mounted near the clergyman and a man standing ready with a lighted match all the time he was preaching, the prisoners being arranged in a solid column directly in front of the cannon's mouth. This is believed to have been the first sermon addressed to any similar body of prisoners in America. But by the time Isaac Hopper began to visit prisons, ideas had changed, and he gave addresses in the Philadelphia jail without the protection of cannon. The tone of those addresses is not difficult to imagine. He believed that punishment should not only hurt, it should also help. The wrongdoer must be made not only to grieve for the past, but also to hope for the future. After the punishment he must be allowed, and if necessary helped, to make a new start. Whatever good there is in him must have a fair chance—the best chance possible. These were the thoughts which inspired all that Hopper said to prisoners and all that he did for them. He could be stern. But sometimes he astonished men into gratitude and respect, and so into a better state of mind, by his manner of showing that his sternness was meant as kindness. Here is an instance.

To Cure a Bad Habit

There was a coloured man named Kane, a printer by trade, who was noted for his violent swearing. Hopper spoke to him privately about this bad habit, but without producing the least effect. One day, however, he met him in the street, pouring forth a volley of terrible oaths, enough to make one shudder; and, believing all gentler means vain, he took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy. He then lost sight of the man, till one day, twenty years afterwards, when he was standing at his door, Kane passed by. He looked old, feeble, and poor, and Hopper pitied him. He stepped out, shook hands with him, and said in kindly tones, 'Dost thou remember me, how I caused thee to be fined for swearing?'

'Yes, indeed I do,' he replied. 'I remember how many dollars I paid, as well as if it were but yesterday.'

'Did it do thee any good?' inquired Hopper.

'Never a bit,' answered he. 'It only

made me mad to have my money taken from me.'

The poor fellow was invited to walk into the house. The interest was calculated on the fine, and every cent repaid to him, with the following explanation: 'I meant it for thy good, and I am sorry that I only provoked thee.' Kane's countenance changed at once, and tears began to flow. He took the money with many thanks, and was never again heard to swear.

How many people would ever think of acting as Hopper did in this instance? Here are two other instances, which are of a kind more familiar to us in these days, but by no means common in Hopper's time.

Mary Norris, Vagrant

Mary Norris was a strong healthy woman, who was continually getting into prison as a vagrant or a thief. One day Hopper, in making his round as inspector, said to her, 'Well, Mary, thy time is out next week. Dost thou think thou wilt come back again?' 'Yes,' she replied, sullenly. 'Dost thou like to come back?' he asked. 'No, to be sure I don't. But I've no doubt I *shall* come back before the month is out.' 'Why dost thou not make a resolution to behave better?' said he, in kindly tones. 'What use would it be?' she replied. 'You wouldn't take me into your family. The doctor wouldn't take me into his family. No respectable person would have anything to do with me. My associates *must* be such acquaintances as I make here. If they steal, I am taken up for it, no matter whether I am guilty or not. I am an old convict, and nobody believes what I say. Oh yes, I shall come back again. To be sure, I shall come back,' she repeated bitterly.

Her voice and manner excited Hopper's compassion, and he thus addressed her: 'If I will get a place for thee in some respectable family where they will be kind to thee, wilt thou give me thy word that thou wilt be honest and steady and try to do thy duty?'

Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly answered, 'Yes, I will! And thank God and you too, the longest day I have to live.'

He managed to get her a situation, not precisely of the sort mentioned, but a suitable one—that of head-nurse at the alms-house, and she loyally fulfilled her part of the agreement. Seventeen years afterwards, when Hopper after a long interval called to see her and enquire about her, he found that she was as true to her promise as ever and as grateful to him.

Patrick McKeever, Convict

Patrick McKeever was a poor Irishman in Philadelphia. He and another man were arrested on a charge of burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hung. For some reason unrecorded Patrick was not hung, but suffered instead nine years' imprisonment. During the last three of these years Hopper as inspector frequently talked with him. This was not easy, for hope seemed dead within him. However, Hopper's keen eye saw a promise of good in him; and it happened that on his release he passed the good man's house every day on his way to his work, and often got words of friendly encouragement. He was skilled at his trade of tanning leathers, and in other respects gave satisfaction to his employer.

This state of things continued, till one day news came to Hopper that Patrick was being sought by the police on account of a robbery committed the night before. He went straight to the mayor and enquired what this meant. The mayor confessed there was no evidence, but said, 'He is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him.'

'It is not enough, by any means,' answered Hopper. 'Thou hast no right to arrest any citizen without a shadow of evidence against him. In this case I advise thee by all means to proceed with humane caution. This man has severely atoned for the crime he did commit; and since he wishes to reform, his past history ought never to be mentioned against him. He has been perfectly honest, sober, and industrious since he came out of prison. I think I know his state of mind; and I am willing to take the responsibility of saying that he is guiltless in this matter.'

The mayor praised Hopper's benevolence, but met all his arguments with one reply: 'He is an old convict, and that is enough.'

As soon as possible Patrick was informed of what was about to take place. The poor fellow was struck with despair, and said with a deep sigh, 'Well, I suppose I must

make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison.'

'Thou wast not concerned in this robbery, wast thou?' asked Hopper.

'No, indeed I was not,' he replied. 'God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do me? Everybody will say, he has been in the State Prison, and that is enough.'

Hopper was confirmed in his belief. But his advice to Patrick was, to go directly to the mayor, deliver himself up, and declare his innocence. This seemed only to deepen Patrick's gloom. 'I know what will come of it,' said he. 'They will put me in prison whether there is any proof against me or not. They won't let me out without somebody will be security for me; and who will be security for an old convict?'

'Keep up a good heart,' replied Hopper. 'Go to the mayor and speak as I have advised thee. If they talk of putting thee in prison, send for me.'

Patrick went, and was treated precisely as he expected; and Hopper had to appear in his behalf. 'I am ready to affirm,' said he, 'that I believe this man to be innocent. It will be a very serious injury for him to be taken from his business and detained in prison until this can be proved. Moreover, the effect upon his mind may be completely discouraging. I will be security for his appearance when called for; and I know very well that he will not think of giving me the slip.'

The gratitude of the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed till his strong frame shook like a leaf in the wind. The real culprits were soon after discovered. And the remaining thirty years of Patrick's life were a continuous justification of Hopper's belief in him.

Theodore Parker's Praise

These stories, selected from a large number, shew in what spirit Isaac Hopper worked for prisoners. They belong to the earlier part of his life, but he was the same to the end. Well did Theodore Parker say of him: 'The Philanthropy of Isaac Hopper blessed the land. In his manhood it enriched the world; in his old age it beautified his own life, giving an added glory to his soul.' One need say but little more. On his eightieth birthday he could write to his daughter, 'My eye is not dim, nor my natural force abated,' and he was still agent for the Prison Association. But hard work during the severe winter of 1852 proved too great a strain, and he was laid low with serious illness. He made continual efforts to conceal that he was in pain, and when asked why he was so often singing to himself, he replied, 'If I didn't sing, I should groan.' He had never been a groaner at any time or in any sense, and he would not groan at last. He passed away on July 3rd, 1852.

OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

(Stamford Street, April 29, 1911.)

DOROTHY TARRANT, M.A.

THINK with me of two very great and important things—*the world and ourselves*. We do not often place them so close together in our thoughts, for to do so makes the one seem immensely large, and the other infinitesimally small. But let us, for once, dare to bring them together, and think over the connection between our little selves and the great world which contains us. We know that our bodies are part of the stuff of the world,—its material substance,—but our *selves* are part of the great flow of life which quickens it. And, because the world's life moves always onward and onward, we may ask ourselves the question, 'What is *our place* in the *world's progress*?'

This onward march of the world is perhaps especially clear to us at this age of growing-up,—when our springs and summers are beginning to come and pass more and more quickly, and changes have had time to happen among the circle of our friends, or even, for some of us, in our own lives. And while we are not likely to follow that dismal thinker of old who said that 'All things pass and nothing abides,' still we know well enough that things do pass, and that we pass also. We do not fear the passing, but we know it will come.

There are two arresting thoughts which come to us all, some time or other, as we look at the great forward movement of the world. One is the thought that the men and women and children of old time

were just as real and living as we to-day. Suddenly we realise that history is not a book, but a progress of living people ; and then all the past is lit up and made warm to us. And again, some day we realise too that we ourselves are part of history—just a strand in the great tapestry that is being woven on the loom of time. Our part in the design is no more and no less important than that of all the other people in the world, past and present and to come. We shall go into the pattern despite ourselves ; our thread will be there in any case ; what we can do is to make it a thread of black, or a thread of gold, or anything between.

It is always hard to look at anything from the inside ; yet that, of course, is just what we are attempting when we try to make out the course that our world is taking. But let us try, all the same. If we cannot see the whole path of progress, we can watch some of the lines on it, through the past and down to the present, and can guess how they are tending for the future.

There is one line which began very dim and faint far away in the past ; yet in spite of gaps and thin places it has grown broader and clearer from century to century. It is the line of freedom of thought, of faithfulness to conscience, of love of truth. You and I stand on that line to-day ; we come of a stock that has helped to broaden it ; and we will not let it fade away.

And there is a line that is broadening more and more, and brightening fast, in our own day ; it is the line of knowledge—brighter and clearer knowledge of the secrets of earth and sky and sea, of the history of the world and of man, of our own life and its laws. We who are young are sometimes dazzled by the light which streams down this path, and spreads forth almost across the whole horizon ; yet we cannot help having our own dreams of helping it to spread still further over those dark places on the outer edge, till there is no darkness left and the whole world is lightened by the knowledge of the truth.

And another line is broadening so fast that it seems to be spreading over the whole path ; but we know it has not done that yet. It began with the love-song of the first mother for her baby ; it will end with the love-chorus of the whole world. It is the line of peace on earth, of brotherhood, of pity and compassion—the great movement that brings men to love each other. And when we think of the strength which that movement is gaining, of yesterday's great Guildhall Meeting and its great words, of the lovers of peace in all lands, and all who have given and are giving their lives for others—we know that we too stand on this line, and here also have our part to do for the world's progress. Whether the great end come in our lifetime here, or not, we will help it to come.

There cannot be a single person here who has not some plan or other of helping on the world. Some of us have a great many—the young, perhaps, have most of all, for they can never make up their minds which of all the plans to choose for their own. None of us wishes just to drift along the course of life ; rather we wish the days and the years many times longer, so that we might do more. Whether it be in standing up for freedom of thought and action, or in opening some fresh page in the book of knowledge, or—best of all, perhaps—in spreading the word of brotherhood and love, we can do our part according as it has been given to us, and we will do it.

> ' Part of the battlefield is won,
> And part is yet to win ; '

and it will be won the sooner for our fighting.

But I think there is a greater work still than any of these for us to do ; and it is because of that greater work that we are here to-night. We are here not first and foremost as free thinkers, or as students, or even as lovers of peace and goodwill. Perhaps it has been with some of you as it was with myself ; we began our connection with our Church because others brought us and made it a habit for us. But by this time not one of us is at that stage ; we have got beyond it. We come to our Church, and we have come here, because we have *known*, for ourselves, something beyond all the speculations and all the knowledge and all the brotherhood of the world—something of which it is hardest to speak. We come here as believers in God, knowing ourselves his children and his fellow workers.

Looking back again over the world's high road, we see that, just as every light seems to shine brightest in the darkness, so

at the dark places of the journey it sometimes happened that men saw more clearly the light of God's presence, and they clasped his hand closest when the way was rocky. And when they had come out of the gloom into bright sunlight, they forgot sometimes that that too was from him, and that he still walked beside them when they felt no need of his hand.

To-day the world is marching onward into freedom and knowledge and fellowship, and in spite of all its dark shadows surely the path was never so bright before. And many people around us have forgotten, or have never known, that the new sunlight is all from God, and that he is still King, and that without him they cannot have the best happiness of all. We know that, and know how we need his help to spread the light still further. And we have not needed to stay in partial darkness in order to feel him near to us. We have found it possible to let in fuller freedom of thought and knowledge, and the widest fellowship of men, and have found the world not less but more divine for us; for the widest horizon we can see is less wide than his power. Now, therefore, it is for us to help the world by this greatest work of all—a work greater than any creed, any wisdom, or even any message of goodwill—to see that men shall not lose sight, in this new brightness of their lives, of the Father who walks with them. It is our part to help to keep the knowledge and love of God in the world.

This means a thing so great, and sometimes so difficult, that we may well shrink from speaking of it; and yet it is no more than consistency with what we believe. It means acknowledging and bearing witness to God in *all* our life and work—not on one day alone, but every hour of every day—that others may see and know.

> 'And nobler yet shall duty grow,
> And more shall worship be,
> When thou art found in all our life,
> And all our life in thee.'

So for the sake of the fathers who helped to win us this beautiful, wide, hopeful world, for the sake of all around us to-day, who need the knowledge of their Father as much as we, and in his name who gives all to all, we will go onward and help to bring nearer, in our own lives and in the world, the kingdom of our God.

SCRAPS FROM MEMORY'S DIARY

JOHN E. HOYLE

I.—Does it Pay?

Our superintendent asked me to stay behind. 'What could he require of me?' I had as yet two or three years to run before leaving my teens; surely I had not come under his ban by any piece of misconduct (perhaps not altogether unknown at that age). I felt that something terrible was going to happen.

'Memory plays tricks,' and sometimes we are reminded that 'Distance lends enchantment to the view,' but it is certain there are happenings in the lives of most of us which leave indelible impressions. Such was the case this Sunday afternoon. I was informed that I had a duty to perform and, to put it very plainly, I was expected to become a teacher of a class of boys who were almost my own age. So lovingly and firmly was it put that I could not say 'No'; yet with what awful feelings I left the school that day none shall ever know. A boy to teach boys! What were my religious convictions? Had I any? What did I know about theology or any other -ology? I had no time to put into order my scattered thoughts; all were in a state of bewilderment. Yet after all I was a product of our own school, my earliest recollections associated with an infants' class, standing, leaning, or sitting—it did not matter which—for a full twenty minutes during opening service, understanding not the *wise* doings of the elder folks. Next came a mad rush to a distant part of the building, afterwards hide and seek round the pillars. Oh those days; little or no order! No wonder the behaviour was bad, for the children's minds were not occupied by orderly ways.

By and by the scene changed; men good and true came to teach us; they were wise men in their day and generation, but I always had the feeling that my mind was being juggled with; they would jump from Genesis to Revelation, and continuity of thought I remember not. 'Ah, base ingratitude!' do I hear you whisper? I trust not; our superintendent was a man after God's own heart; it can truly

be said of him as it was said of Enoch—'He walked with God.'

As I faced my scholars for the first time, how I yearned for some good soul to come and give me counsel and advice. When we stood to sing the first hymn, I glanced round at the officials. Who were they? I knew them as men who on six days of the week controlled industrial concerns of great magnitude; their skill in all matters pertaining to organisation was undoubted; then, on the seventh day, with their hearts filled with the love of man and their souls fired with the spirit of God, they came and laboured in the Master's vineyard. But it has always seemed strange when I have thought of it, that they came and asked me, a youth without preparation, without any instruction, to come and help to tend the vine; and, as I looked at my own wretched condition, I asked myself the question, 'Does it pay?'

. . . . . .

'Will this part fit?' asked a bright-eyed lad, as he held a piece of prettily cut wood toward me. I suppose that somehow or other some sort of order had evolved from my efforts to do what I believed to be my duty. Two summers had come and gone, and now winter found us, teacher and scholars, down in one of the disused class-rooms, spending our evenings making articles useful and otherwise with the aid of a fretsaw.

Whether it was the poor quality of lessons that I had for them on Sundays, or some other reason, I cannot say; but this I do remember—something was wrong, something had to be done, and as this was the only way that suggested itself, I considered it best for the time being.

'Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'

Whatever the results of our Sunday talks, of this I am confident, that the ties of love, friendship, and mutual understanding that were made down in that lower schoolroom were such as will never be broken.

There was another side to the question. I was at this time being trained for a business career; loss and profit were things of great moment to me, and as I was occupied till 8 p.m. each evening, you can imagine in what a rush and bustle my life was constantly spent. Those evenings with my boys, summer and winter, were happy times; but when I thought of the many demands of a business career, those hours felt very precious from another point of view. Besides, I did not find the other teachers doing the same sort of thing, and although I felt that it was the Master's work I was constantly asking myself, 'Does it pay? Does it pay?'

. . . . . .

There is a certain kind of pride, perhaps a little akin to egotism, which I think is pardonable especially when it is associated not with the individual but with the community with which he is connected. I had a feeling of that sort within me when I stood before the teachers and scholars of the Primary Department some time ago as their superintendent. Have *you* a Primary Department in your school?' 'Did you get it easily?' If you did, feel thankful. If you had a tussle for it, prize it all the more. Our difficulties were many, but our opening was fine. Ere long sickness robbed us of our experienced leaders, and then what seemed the inevitable happened. Have you ever pushed a reform, or boomed a good thing in Sunday school life? Well then, you must know that sooner or later the responsibility of working it comes crash upon you. It is a way things have in Sunday schools, and that accounts for my being in the position above mentioned.

Wherein existed the reason for my joy and my pride? Simply the fact that out of seven male teachers on the staff, five of them were my old scholars of the fret-work and the picnic days.

Of the subsequent success of that department I have very little to say here. Its work was noted; deputations came Sunday by Sunday, and similar departments were opened in many other schools in the town and district. A beautiful spirit of love and devotion has always pervaded the school. The teachers' confidence in their leader has always been a very marked feature. When I sit quietly at home and ponder over the many difficulties which characterise all voluntary work, and especially ours in the Sunday school, I cannot help thinking that if we had to put the same tests to our Sunday work as we do to the manifold intricacies of our business life and readjust our work by some such standard, then we should have no hesitation when dealing with the problem of

the Preparation of our Teachers in bringing home to ourselves the fact that to *know* our scholars and to *train* some of them as prospective teachers is the only policy that does pay.

II.—Don'ts for Teachers

'He therefore that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by those of reason.'—*S. Johnson.*

Don't allow any child to sit by your side during lessons. It is not always a sign of affection, it is often a desire on the part of the child to appear to be a favourite.

Don't allow any one child to answer all the questions; remember, you have not only got the great big 'sunflower,' you have also the sweet, modest 'violet' in your garden class.

Don't drag out the lessons until the bell rings; it is far better to allow a little time for general conversation bearing on the everyday life of the children.

Don't forget to greet your scholar with a handshake; the child will feel to be much nearer to *you*, and your personality will have influenced the child.

Don't think that Sunday school discipline must of necessity be of a looser character than that of the week-day school; if it is so it is your fault and not the child's. The child loves and respects the teacher who lovingly demands attention.

Don't lose heart should you not see good results. It is your privilege to sow; it may be for others to reap; you have done your duty just the same.

Don't rush out of school after the closing exercise; your superintendent ought to have some little matter to talk over with you, concerning the welfare of the school.

Don't think that the child is the only one you have to consider. You are privileged by the *parents* to teach their loved ones; most parents have great respect for a consecrated Sunday school teacher.

St. Francis of Assisi. If instead of quitting his father's trade that he might nurse lepers, he had made his father's trade holy and pure, and honourable, more than beggary, perhaps at this day the Black Friars might yet have an unruined house by Thames' shore.—*John Ruskin.*

The devil never yet asked his victims to *take a walk* with him. To go into a gin shop, or a billiard room, or some worse place—often? but to take a walk on the hills, or over the fields, or along the country roads—never.

ZWINGLI

A Prophet of Switzerland

[NOTE.—The following is taken from LANDMARKS IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY, the new book by Rev. A. N. Blatchford, which is just published by the Sunday School Association. Teachers will find the volume a valuable class-book worth studying with their scholars. The author says in his Foreword:

The present time is sometimes designated an age of compromise. Seeing that this spirit of compromise may carry with it certain spiritual perils, no less than some fancied advantages, it is morally healthy and invigorating to quicken our recollection of men and women, who, in harder times than any we are called upon to share, and with all the world against them, set truth before every other consideration, and stood reproachlessly faithful to it, to their last breath.]

IN the early part of the sixteenth century the desire for a reform of Church practice and Church teaching had gathered force from the testimony and the self-sacrifice of faithful men in many a land.

The cry for reformation in religion had been heard in England, in Holland, and in Italy; whilst in Germany and in Switzerland it was raised so strongly and so triumphantly that Martin Luther came to be known as 'the monk that shook the world,' and a prophet was raised up from amongst his people, and reared, and kept pure and strong amid the simple surroundings of a shepherd's life on the Swiss uplands.

In fact, wherever the adherents of the Papacy turned their enquiring gaze, the aspect of the religious world was such as to fill them with grave apprehension.

It was, however, out of Switzerland that there arose a more than usually solemn word of warning. 'The whole Popedom,' so the challenge rang, 'rests on bad foundations. Put your hand to the work. Away with errors and abuses, or you may be sure you will see the whole structure come to the ground with a frightful crash!'

At different periods a cry like that had been heard in Holland, England, Italy, and France. But, when we call to mind the dawn of religious reform through the teaching of Ulric Zwingli, born of a good mountain stock, it is refreshing to contemplate his young life in the humble chalet at Wildhaus, which was the lad's home, and to think of him in the freshness

of young life winning strength of limb, and of heart too, amid such glorious scenes of nature as Switzerland alone can present. 'For I have often thought,' said one of Zwingli's friends, 'that as he approached heaven on those sublime elevations, he must have thence derived something celestial and divine.'

The love of the Swiss for their native land is too well known to need emphasis; and it is said of Ulric that, even when a child, if he heard ought of blame against his countrymen he would start up in indignation to defend them, with the earnestness as well as with the simplicity of childhood. Soon indeed was he to go forth, in the very spirit of the prophets of Israel, to do battle for his people, as well as for his own purer and freer conceptions of religion.

His father had judged well in thinking that the boy was destined for better things than watching the flocks upon the mountain side. Step by step the lad's education proceeds, at one school and another, until we find him a student at Berne, rejoicing in classical literature. There his mind opens and, enriched with the lore of ancient poet and historian, first learns to take that broader and more human outlook upon the world, which saved him in all his future career from narrow thoughts and purposes.

Making his mark as a student, the Dominican Monks in the city earnestly besought him to join their fraternity. The free spirit of his father revolted at such a surrender of his son's will to the dictation of a monkish order, and to his joy he received the instant obedience of his son.

Luther, it will be remembered, threw himself into a monastery. Zwingli was led away from one, and his departure was indeed a deliverance; for we read that in that very convent which he had been pressed to enter, so manifest, in one signal instance, was the deception practised, that the authorities of the Church of Rome vindicated the Church's good name by condemning to the stake four of the brotherhood proved guilty of such damaging deceit.

His stay in his old home was after all but a brief time of refreshing for Zwingli, and no more. Learning lured him with a witching spell, and then we find him at Basel, deep in the study of the old scholastic theology, of which the awakened mind of Europe had already become impatient. Scant and temporary attraction only had such dry and really profitless research for such a quick and bright spirit as that of Zwingli. Every now and then the perusal of the most venerable of the Fathers would be laid aside, and all at once his little room would ring to the rich tones of his voice, in his country's melodies, while he accompanied himself upon the lute or the violin or the dulcimer. His own love of music diffused itself among his fellow-students. Myconius, his biographer, says that none amongst his friends had a more cheerful humour, a keener sense of a good jest, or a more loving temper.

In days of controversy that afterwards beset him, his adversaries were so poorly off for arguments against him, that they were not above finding fault with him for this passionate love of music. To one who thus charged him Zwingli replied with perfect candour, 'You don't know what music is! True, I have learned upon the lute, the violin, and other instruments, and they help me to hush the babes asleep. Thou art too holy, man, for music! Don't you know that David was a good player on the harp, and that it was thus that he chased the evil spirit from Saul? Ah! knew you but the sound of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition and the love of riches would come out of you also!'

But the time was at hand when he must pass from the study to the field of active and useful life. Just then the pastorship of the little town of Glarus, near to his old home, fell vacant. The Pope nominated a stranger. The townsmen would have none to be their minister, however, but the son of their worthy neighbour, Zwingli, of Wildhaus.

In this case, at least, the prophet was not without honour in his own country. And Ulric enters upon his duties as parish priest. But work, and very trying work, was before him, for the proved courage of the Swiss had become a very real snare to them. They had broken the yoke of their Austrian oppressors, but the passion for war had been fiercely kindled in the hearts of the people. Alas, that it came to be said that kings and churchmen too began to bid for their enlistment! The Pope himself sought to hire the weapons

of the Swiss ; by a skilful lure even Zwingli's voice was raised on the Pope's behalf, when eight thousand Swiss marched over the mountains to his assistance.

And then in Switzerland things subsequently wore a gloomy aspect, through mutual distrust, licentiousness, party spirit, and flagrant breaches of public order ; nor was it a matter of wonder that the bandage should be torn from Zwingli's eyes, yet not immediately. 'Nowhere,' cried the preacher, 'do we find men imitating Jesus Christ. For a little glory, we risk our lives, torment our neighbours, run into quarrels and battles!' Vain was the warning, and strange it is to read that even after uttering it, another body of Swiss mercenaries marched into Italy, and Zwingli himself in their company. It is true that he went unwillingly, but though victory lay with the Swiss on this occasion, it is most significant to mark that the initiation of Zwingli's work as a reformer was the result of his brief sojourn in Italy.

Coming home again, it is with deep interest we read that the reformer at once set himself to study Greek, 'in order,' as he wrote to one of his friends, 'that I may obtain the doctrines of Jesus from their proper sources ; for I have resolved so, to study Greek, that none but God can divert me from it!'

But, in those days, to seek fresh knowledge thus was to underlie the charge of heresy. 'Master Ulric,' said a brother priest to him, 'I am assured that you are giving in to this new error, and that you are a Lutheran.' 'I am not a Lutheran,' was Zwingli's instant reply, 'for I knew Greek before I ever heard the mention of Luther's name!'

Truly, the light of knowledge was breaking on his mind. Mercifully he was permitted to open his heart to it in peace. No spiritual tempests shook his soul, such as those beneath which Luther so dauntlessly bore himself. But the understanding of the man rose steadily to ever broader views of God and of man. And herein he is markedly distinguished from the vast majority of the reformers of his time. To him God was the Creator of all, in every age too. The great ones of antiquity, in common with the glorious company of the Fathers and witnesses in his own Church, were to be honoured, so this liberal-minded prophet held ; for he saw in them too the working of that good spirit which could only be the Spirit of God. 'The operation of God on men's hearts,' he would say, 'so far from being confined, in ancient times, within the limits of Palestine, extended to the entire world. Plato, too, has drunk from the divine Fountain Head. And if Camillus, if Cato, if the two Scipios had not been truly religious would they have been equally high-minded?'

Surely such teachings as these constitute the preaching of this Swiss prophet a grand, and in such respects it must be said, an almost solitary landmark in religious history. They reveal Zwingli as far in advance of his own times ; nor can we refuse to recognise the truth, that in boldly publishing such an estimate of God's relation to man, he is yet well ahead of too many an accredited Christian preacher and thinker at the present day.

To the noble company of the Reformers our reverent appreciation is due, but among them stands Zwingli, at once the most enlightened, the most tolerant, and the most intrepid of them all! But henceforth a deeper and a more overpowering conviction of the need of reform in the Church takes possession of him. For a time of quietness we find him residing for awhile at the Monastery of Einsiedeln, where everything favoured the ripening of his spirit for its task. His friends there were happily in sympathy with himself.

Over the Abbey gate, as he entered, was to be seen this inscription, 'Plenary remission of all sins is to be obtained here.' Zwingli dwelt there for a time, and the inscription disappeared!

And on a set day, before hundreds of pilgrims, he fearlessly attacked the superstition of the crowds that stood thickly round him. 'Think not,' he said, 'that God is more in this temple than in any other part of his creation. Whatever be the land of your homes, God is around you, and hears you as much as at our Lady of Einsiedeln. Shall it be useless works—pilgrimages, offerings, images, calling upon the Virgin and the saints—that are to obtain for you God's favour? God looks at the heart, and our heart is far from God.'

The aim of this fearless teacher was simply to raise man's idea of God, and to persuade men to trust to the force and

beauty of truth to win a way for it into the heart of man, ' for,' said he, ' if a man comprehends what is true, he will discern what is false.'

From his quiet retreat amongst his sympathising friends at Einsiedeln he departs for Zurich, with which the name of Zwingli is lastingly associated. And truly it is written of him that ' the firm and independent position he then assumed, as respected the Church, announced something new ; his bearing as a Reformer became distinctly marked in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, and the Reformation itself went forward.' In proof of this we need only refer, in the first place, to the directions given him at his entrance upon his duties, and his own dignified but very significant reply thereto. This is what he was instructed to do : ' You must do your utmost to make the revenue of the chapter productive. . . . As for the administration of the Sacraments, preaching, and being present among the people, these, too, form part of the duties of a priest. Nevertheless you may employ a substitute in these various respects, particularly in preaching. You are not called upon to administer the sacrament except to persons of consideration.'

Ominously, Zwingli's answer must have sounded, as he quietly replied, ' The life of Jesus has been too long concealed from the people. It is to the glory of God, to the praise of his only Son, to the true salvation of souls and to their instruction in the true faith, that I shall consecrate my ministry.'

He was earnestly, affectionately urged to be careful, but he would not be silent ; the mercies of God were his constant theme, and the life of his divine Master was the text from which he preached his every sermon. The preacher's friends were filled with exultation. ' The priests,' said one of them, ' met in thousands at the Council of Constance, there to burn the best that was among them ; but, glory be to God ! this man preaches the truth, and he will be our Moses in directing our escape from Egyptian darkness.'

He was the very man to set forth the brotherly spirit of Christianity to democratic Zurich ! At his incentive, rich and poor met together, and the notables were to be found showing courtesy to the veriest peasants. In fact, the popularity—the real esteem, too—in which he was held increased day by day, and he was fast becoming a mark worthy of being aimed at by the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome. For, about this time, came the agents of the Papacy, as they did in Germany, selling magic indulgences for all sins ; but against all such practices Zwingli had steeled the hearts of the Zurichers ; the city closed its gates to the Papal emissary, and, wonderful to relate, the Swiss Diet itself showed resolution enough to uphold the citizens of Zurich in the action they had so boldly taken.

The Reformer's next attack was upon Fasts and Ceremonies.

These observances were of course held sacred by the servants of the Pope ; and the Papal party, we must remember, was that which had been foremost in urging the Swiss to hire themselves as mercenaries in wars that concerned them not at all. With crushing power Zwingli overwhelmed his adversaries, as he scornfully reminded them that however great a sin they might deem it to eat flesh on certain days, they yet considered it no crime to sell human flesh to the foreigner, and to drag it to the slaughter-house ! ' The fall of your Ceremonies is at hand,' he cried. ' See at least that they fall becomingly, and that light everywhere be substituted for darkness ! '

His opponents, covering their discomfiture with the declaration that they had not been commissioned to dispute with any person whatever, withdrew from the field, of which Zwingli was thus left the master. The Reformation was winning its way into the very heart of the State ; its step grew firmer, its advance became more evident.

Luther set forth his statement of his faith in certain declarations he fixed to the church door in Wittenberg. In a similar way Zwingli published his convictions in two documents called the Einsiedeln Petitions, which naturally inflamed the Church's partisans, and that to such a degree that the Roman Catholic Cantons formed themselves into a confederacy and declared for persecution. All this shook not the steadfast spirit they sought to silence, for said he, ' as long as God shall permit me, I will discharge the task committed to me, without any dread of the world and its haughty tyrants. They only

are the true soldiers of Christ who are not afraid to bear about in their bodies their Master's wounds!' He never wavered from the straight line of duty, and Zurich bravely upheld its pastor in his course.

The opponents of the more spiritual faith invoked against its adherents 'the secular arm.' Persecution came fast, but every blow dealt against reformed religion was answered from Zurich by action all the more determined and more defiant. One stroke of persecution was followed instantly by the demolition of images in the churches of Zurich. The Reformer again challenged his adversaries to a disputation from which they again took refuge in flight. And solemn must have been that scene wherein the Council declared for Zwingli and for Reformation! Thrice did he call for his accusers; not a voice being lifted up in reply, Zwingli, amid impressive silence spoke to the assembled chiefs of his people: 'Gracious Lords, God is with us! He will defend his own cause! Now, then, in God's name let us go forward!' That was indeed a moment of triumph, and overcome with thankfulness he sank back in his seat and wept passionately.

Another deed of persecution roused Zwingli to repeated and still more uncompromising defiance. His answer and that of the townsfolk was the final abolition of the Ordinance of the Mass. Down came the altar in the great Church, and on Good Friday, 1525, in place of the Mass ordained by Rome, the service of the Lord's Supper was observed in its beautiful simplicity. With that service the Swiss Reformer associated no idea of a miracle. It was shared in as a grateful memorial of a beloved and an immortal Master.

It was on this great theme, as is widely known, that a striking difference of opinion was revealed between Zwingli and Luther, and the Swiss leader feared that Lutheranism would lie heavy on men's souls. Notwithstanding opposition from his foes, and stern controversy with his friends, his aim was as steadfast as it was worthy. He strove to make all worship purely spiritual. He freely rejected all rites and ceremonies not expressly enjoined in scripture; he longed with an exceeding great desire to restore what he conceived to be the earliest forms of faith and practice, in which the religion of Christ had first expressed itself.

But more than this he strove to effect. He saw, to his sorrow, how force was invoked against religious reform, and thought it well to project a union of the reformed Cantons against the attacks of those who had bound themselves to fight for the authority of Rome. Swiftly was Zurich menaced by these confederates, who with scarce a day's warning bore down upon the city. All night the great alarm bell spread its terrible warning over every home. With the dawning light the great flag of the City and Canton was raised, but men saw in moody apprehension that it hung sadly down the staff, while scarce a thousand men could be collected for its defence. 'I will stay with you,' said Zwingli, 'and I will labour for the public safety until death.' And then, armed with helmet and battle-axe, he rode silently out with the troops to the field of Capel, from which he was fated never to return. Struck down early in the fight, and smitten thrice after that, he sank down and gently said, 'What matters this misfortune? They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!' No other word spake he; but in the morning he was found upon the field, wounded to the death, with only power to smile when asked if he wished to confess himself to a priest. Cursing him for an obstinate heretic, the Catholic soldier released, by one blow, the grand spirit of the Reformer from his labour and his last keen sufferings. In futile madness the victors burned his body. But, said his faithful friends, 'these men may fall upon his body, they may kindle their fire and brand his innocent life, but he lives in eternity, and leaves behind him an immortal monument of glory, which no flames can destroy. God, for whose honour he has laboured, even at the price of his blood, will make his memory eternal!'

And on the spot where he fell is raised a simple monument that bears the name of Ulric Zwingli—a name sacred to every lover of a sincere, a charitable, and an earnest life, and on the stone are carved the solemn and the touching words of the Master of us all—'My kingdom is not of this world.'

Books of Reference.—D'Aubigne's 'History of the Reformation'; Edward Tagart's 'Sketches of the Reformers'; Article 'Zwingli' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

XXV.—XLV.

XXV.—XXVIII.

EDITH WILSON, B.A.

Good Example

A TRAVELLER had to make his way over rocky and mountainous country and did not know how to find the path. At length he was fortunate in finding a man who had been that way before, and this man described the journey carefully and even drew him a map.

The traveller took in these directions carefully, but the way was long and rocky mountains seemed to rise higher and higher in front of and around him, and the path lost itself in the terrible cliffs. His courage sank. 'This is a place only fit for eagles and chamois!' he said to himself, and, thoroughly unnerved at the look of the country he had to pass through, he turned his face and thought of the way back.

Then a voice shouted: 'Courage, and follow me!' and looking up our traveller saw the man who had described to him the way climbing safely above precipices and across foaming torrents. This gave him confidence. 'There must be a path up there,' he thought, 'and if that man can find a footing surely I can too.' So, taking up his staff, he walked bravely on. The way was hard and very steep, but now he knew that if he only tried hard enough he would get to his journey's end. Before evening he had climbed the mountain, and a smiling valley lay before him.

When he came up with his guide he thanked him for helping him when he was in such difficulty. 'Without you,' he said, 'I should have given way, but you gave me confidence and made me call up my own hidden powers.' [From Krummacher's Parables.]

The force of example is very great. Many great and good men and women have been led onward by tales of what others have done. In the lives of famous people we often find that their favourite books were Plutarch's 'Lives of the Ancient Greeks and Romans' or Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.'

Only a few people can improve either in work or in play without having an example set them. So those who can do best should always remember that there are others coming along who need their example. Take swimming, for example. Poor swimmers will improve quickly if they are encouraged by and have the example of stronger ones; but if they swim about day after day and have no one to show them what it is possible to do they will improve only very slowly.

Again, in school, there may be some boys and girls who have not the courage to be the only ones to be good, or there may be some who don't know how to apply themselves and do good work. If those who have the courage, or who know how to work, busily go ahead and set the example, they make it easier for the others to follow.

Try to realise how much depends on example; how the behaviour of the people younger than yourself depends on you.

XXVI.—Perseverance

It is always necessary to have some definite aim or purpose and to persist in carrying it out.

This is seen even in little things; in the holidays the enjoyment will be much greater if plans are made than if we simply lounge about, not knowing what we are going to do next. The smallest hobby is only successful so far as we make up our mind to pursue it with vigour.

We cannot pass many hours without seeing the value of perseverance. No one can be a good worker without it. Some clever people succeed without working much, but the people who have done most are those who have added perseverance to their natural abilities. A few examples of famous people who have persisted in their purpose are Florence Nightingale, George Stephenson, and William Wilberforce.

Florence Nightingale had been at work learning all there was to learn about sick nursing, and, when the opportunity offered, was able to carry out her great work. George Stephenson worked determinedly against great difficulties, first educating himself with the few pennies he could scrape together, and then persisting in his inventions though it took him years to perfect them. William Wilberforce was working for the abolition of slavery for nineteen years.

The following story can be used to show how foolish it is to drift without aim or purpose.

Long ago there lived a prince named Hasael, the son of an Eastern monarch. His father gave him a wise man named Serujah as tutor, who taught him in a quiet and secluded valley. When his father considered he was old enough, he allowed him to go by himself to Persia to complete his education. Unfortunately the prince thought no more of his princely calling, but spent his time lounging about with idle companions.

One day as he was wasting his time in this way, Serujah, his old tutor, went by dressed as a pilgrim. Hasael recognised him, and called out: 'Whence do you come and whither are you going?' 'I do not know,' answered the tutor. 'What! you have left your home and have wandered forth and yet do not know whither you are going!' Serujah answered: 'I do not know. Why should I trouble?' Then the prince turned to the others who were around him and said: 'This man was the teacher of my youth, and full of wisdom, but see, he has become a fool and is wanting in sense. Alas, how he is changed!'

Then Serujah stepped up to the youth and threw his bundle to the earth and spoke: 'You are right. I have changed even as you have. Formerly I was your guide and you followed in the way which I showed you. But now since I ceased to be your guide, I made up my mind to follow you. See! my wanderings, whereby I forget the way and the goal, are like yours, and like me you have lost your good sense. Who is the greater fool, you or I, and who has taken the worse road?'

Hasael then recognised his folly and returned to the path of wisdom that Serujah had taught him. [From Krummacher's Parables.]

XXVII.—Toleration

Disputing is still going on in England and other countries as to which is the true religion. This is not a new thing, but fortunately in most countries people have now learned not to ill-treat their fellow-creatures simply because their beliefs differ.

At the time of the Crusades, Christians thought it their duty to slay Mohammedans and the Mohammedans sought to gain credit by killing Christians. The great ruler of the Turks, Saladin, was wiser than his followers; and was really anxious to know which of the three religions—Christian, Jewish, or Mohammedan—was the true one, so he called to him a very wise Jew named Nathan and asked him.

Nathan was a tolerant man and could see that it did not so much matter what people believed as how they acted, so he explained his point of view to Saladin by means of the following story.

There once lived a very rich man who possessed a ring which had the power of making the wearer, if he had confidence in it, beloved by God and man. Naturally he thought much of this ring and never let it leave his finger. When he died he left the ring to his son, and so it passed on always from father to the best-loved son. This son always became, by virtue of the ring, the head of the house. At length there was a father who had three sons all equally good. To whom was the ring to go? Being equally fond of all three, this father had two rings made exactly like the first, and on his death-bed gave one to each of his sons. Each thought at first he had the precious ring, and then discovered that the other two thought the same. This led to quarrelling.

The three sons appealed to a judge. Each said that he had received the ring from his father; he could not believe that his father had acted falsely, and rather than that he must think that his brothers had tricked him.

The judge said to them, 'You tell me that the right ring possesses the power of making the owner beloved by all men. That must decide, for surely the false rings will not have that power. Which of you three is most loved by the other two? You are silent? Why, then, you must all three be deceived! By your evidence all your rings are false. The true one is probably lost, and to replace it and hide the loss, your father had these three made. I cannot therefore, as a judge, give a decision in favour of any one of you.

'But if you want my advice and not my decision as a judge, it is this. As each really received a ring, let him believe it to be the right one. It is possible that your father no longer wished that one

person only should possess the advantages of this ring. Certainly he loved you all three, and did not wish to favour one at the expense of the other two. Let each one of you strive to possess a loving nature; let him work to show that the power of the stone is, after all, in his ring. Help the virtue that is in it by being gentle, generous, and devoted to God. And if the powers of the stones manifest themselves in your children's children, I invite them in a thousand thousand years to come before this judgment seat. Then will a wiser man than I sit here and give judgment. Go!' Thus said the good judge.

Saladin quickly understood what Nathan meant, and realised that the 'thousand thousand years' were not yet past at the end of which the descendants of the sons (that is, the representatives of the three religions) could show by the regard in which everyone held them that they were justified in claiming to be the head of the family. [From Lessing's 'Nathan der Weise.']

XXVIII.—Self-Sacrifice

There are many grades of self-sacrifice, from the case of the man who gives up his whole life to others, down to that in which a man gives up his spare time or his comforts for the sake of others.

In the first instance are Arnold von Winkelried, who died to save Switzerland, and Father Damien, who gave up his life for the good of the neglected lepers of Molokai.

Winkelried was fighting for the Swiss in their struggle for independence against the mighty forces of Austria. At Sempach the Austrian army had for its front rank a compact line of soldiers clothed completely in mail. In vain did the little body of Swiss press forward; they could make no impression on this solid mass. At length Winkelried sprang forward, and, calling on his countrymen to follow him, threw himself boldly against the hedge of spears, clasping to his body as many as he could reach. The spears entered his body, but by his action he made a small gap in the enemy's ranks into which his comrades poured. The result of his heroic action was victory for the Swiss, who after this battle were secure in the independence which they had fought so hard to gain.

Father Damien did not, like Winkelried, die for others, but lived for them. It is not many years ago that he heard of the great need of the lepers on the island of Molokai for some one to look after them. He knew that in the end it would mean death for him, but he went out to them as priest, and for sixteen years acted as their priest, doctor, and teacher, and cared for them in every way. In the end he contracted the disease and died.

In both these cases, someone was needed to lay down his life, and these two men did not shrink.

Fortunately there are many to-day who are sacrificing themselves, though not necessarily laying down their lives. They see that someone is wanted to help others and they come forward and offer themselves. Such people are those who work for the poor people in the slums or teach in evening schools, or those who work to carry out reforms, such as Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Fry, William Wilberforce, and hosts of others. There are many others, too, whose work goes unnoticed by the many because, perhaps, it is done in the home.

In the class of those who can make little sacrifices all boys and girls can hope to be; all are called upon to do some work that involves some self-sacrifice, work that would fall on some one else, perhaps already overburdened, if they refused to do it.

XXIX.—Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the people you can.[1]

E. J. NOEL

THERE was one night great commotion and bustle between the wind and rain over a little flower-bed in a pleasant garden; and the manner in which it arose was in this wise. The wind and rain and sun had tended this flower-bed with the rest of the garden very carefully all the spring, and now the roses were almost in bloom, and some late seedlings were just above the ground as the rain and wind travelled round to visit them late in the evening, and the roses held up their heads gracefully as the first few drops of rain fell upon them. The master of the flowers came out to look at them with his wife; and, as he looked, he said, 'Ah, my flowers are doing nicely! I put those seeds in just at the right time; but I hope this wind

[1] The Sunday School Penny Magazine.

and rain that are coming will not spoil the buds.'

'*I* spoil the buds!' said the wind, drawing in his breath with a low whistle of astonishment; '*I* spoil them! I wonder who spoils them less than I do?'

'I *spoil* them!' said the rain. 'Why, there would be no buds but for me!' And she drew back a little in her surprise, so that for a few seconds neither wind nor rain were felt.

Presently they began to work in good earnest, but both felt agitated by what they had heard; and the wind, being rather fretful, blew and jostled the rain a good deal, so that more fell upon the house windows and walls, and less upon the plants, than the rain itself had ever intended. And so for half the night they made a great commotion over the little flower-bed. Then they parted, and went in different directions, and the rain came over an open field. 'Here, at least,' she said, 'I can work without being accused of spoiling anything.' But it still fell rather roughly, although it was alone. And the ferns and grasses bowed their heads; and the wild roses folded their petals more tightly together; and the young birds crept more closely beneath their mother's wing, and gave an assuring chirp to each other, as they thought lovingly how snug and warm their home was; while the little wild convolvulus under the hedge screwed its flower up tighter and tighter, until it was a mere wisp. Still the rain beat down upon them, never pausing to think whether it was doing its work carefully and well. And just as the day broke the wind and rain met together again over the flower-bed.

'To think that I spoil these flowers!' moaned the wind, as he drifted slowly round the corner, where he came suddenly upon the rain. 'Why, they could not live without me!'

'And that is not the worst,' said the rain; 'they might live without you, but they could not possibly exist without me!'

'They could not live without me!' replied the wind. 'When the sun is shining hotly upon them, I blow round them coolingly, and freshen them, when you are miles away, thinking nothing of them.'

'Yes,' replied the rain; 'and when I return, I find the ground parched and cracked, and the plants drooping, and you have helped to dry the ground. No! I am quite convinced that they would die, were it not for me.'

And so they continued to abuse one another; and the rain fell more and more heavily, and the wind raged and stormed, both thinking far more of their own ill temper than of the flowers they should have been tending, until far off in the east were seen a few red and golden streaks.

'Dear me!' said the rain, in a voice which for some time had been growing gradually weaker; 'there's the sun rising! I never can work with him. And he thinks he does all the work himself!' And the rain prepared to move into another quarter.

'Well, I shall not go,' said the wind. 'The sun's conversation always warms and cheers one after a night's work like this.'

And as it grew brighter they saw what in the dim light they had not noticed. The young plants which had looked so strong and promising were beaten flat to the earth: it seemed very doubtful whether they would revive again. And the buds—those fair buds of promise which had looked up so gratefully at the first rain-drop, now hung their heads upon broken stems.

"Well,' said the wind, fretfully, 'I don't know how it is; I'm sure I did my best; but you work so roughly!'

'Nay!' said the rain; 'it was you who were rough. You pushed, and jostled, and interfered with me, until I could not work as I wished.'

But the rain felt very sorrowful, now the mischief was done; and the bright face of the rising sun had made her feel very humble; so she gave a lingering look at the prostrate little plants and the broken buds, shed a few tears over them, and went to work in a gentler mood elsewhere. And the wind, left to himself, stooped gently to the flowers, and strove to raise their drooping heads, but in vain. He could not undo his own work! And so, in a fit of perversity, as he saw the sun drawing nearer, he got up and howled round the garden, almost tearing the plants up by the roots; but he was not proof against the sun's bright glances, and he soon bowed his head and listened in silence.

'See what comes of envy, and strife, and ill feelings,' said the sun, 'and foolish quarrellings about which does the most. *Each must do the duty assigned to him—*

none else can do it ; and if each did his task faithfully, and you both *worked together*, you would feel far happier. You think that you move from one quarter to another as you please ; but you are moved by a far Higher Power than yourselves. The very work which you do is not your own. You are but the instruments with which it is done. You should therefore work carefully and reverently, not roughly or carelessly. And whatever place you enter, let it be your endeavour to leave it better and happier than you found it. You cannot repair—leave it to me ; but you *can* begin and use your strength for something higher than your own pleasure.'

And all this time the sun was shedding down his bright rays lovingly over the little flower-bed, drying the heavy rain-drops, and looking cheerfully on the flowers ; and some of them lifted their heads bravely to his bright gaze, but some, alas ! could not. And the wind looked sorrowfully at his own work ; then he arose, stimulated by the example of the sun, and all that day he went about like a veritable spirit of good. He gently kissed, and stroked, and smoothed all the anxious faces which he met in the streets, leaving them less anxious and careworn than they were before ; he made glad the hearts of children on their way to school, by floating by them laden with the perfume of flowers, and whispering to them of green fields and shady lanes, and ponds covered with ripples, where tiny boats might be sailed ; he fetched from a distance and carried into sick chambers the sweet scent of hay ; he cooled the fevered brow, and left a fresh sense of life and cheerfulness behind ; then he blew among the trees, until they bowed their heads, and laughed and sang together, and every tiny leaf quivered with pleasure ; he caught paper and feathers from the hands of little children, and whirled them high into the air for their amusement ; and, finally, when even was come, he went home, singing as he went, 'Blessed is he who liveth not unto himself : he who giveth unto others shall have it recompensed unto him tenfold.'

XXX.—Finding Life

MARY FRANCIS

Text : 'He that findeth his life shall lose it ; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'—Matthew x. 39.

Teacher's References : Deuteronomy xxx. 11–20 ; St. John xii. 24–26 ; 'Imitation of Christ,' Bk. III, Chapter 28 ; 'The Christian Life,' May 6th, 1911, 'Saving the Soul.'

I.—Gain and Loss. Terms opposed to each other. Loss generally implies incompleteness, dissatisfaction, undesirable conditions. Sometimes the deeper feelings of failure or despair are experienced.

Gain generally implies improved conditions, increased satisfaction, development, and progress.

Examples. (a) Wealth. How affected by gain or loss. Reference made to the Birkbeck and Charing Cross Banks—depositors anxious to secure part payment. Reference to loss of £15,000 necklace during Coronation festivities. A substantial reward offered for its recovery. (b) Health and strength. Loss necessitates dependence upon others, and inability to enjoy life to the full.

II.—What is Life ? Tennyson in his poem, 'The Two Voices,' comments :—

> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant ;
> More life, and fuller, that I want.'

Questions : Do superabundant wealth, material prosperity, and perfect animalism (shown in health and high spirits) constitute life ? On the other hand, do they detract from life ?

(*a*) Money cannot purchase health or happiness ; in some conditions not even food. (*b*) A perfectly healthy man may be essentially selfish or have low moral aims.

The word 'life' may be translated soul (c.f. margin Revised Version) ; it embraces the deepest spiritual experiences a person may know. Compare Marcus Aurelius—'If thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude . . . turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best' (Chapter III., p.6).

III.—Losing Life and Finding it involves self-sacrifice.

(*a*) Christ the greatest living example. He came that men might have life and that they might have it more abundantly (John x. 10)

(*b*) The Early Christian Martyrs. These faced bodily death rather than renounce those truths they held to be more precious than life itself.

(*c*) Social Reformers. These have sacrificed wealth, leisure, ease, to render service to their fellow-men. The Earl of Shaftesbury a splendid example. Men nowadays not called upon to face death for their beliefs. Ridicule, persecution, loss of position indicate the 'loss of life' which the modern Christian is called upon to face for Truth's sake, which shall ultimately triumph.

IV.—Application. (*a*) Home Life. Parents sacrifice personal gratification to promote their children's welfare. They find their great reward in the development and success of their offspring.

(*b*) School Life. Teachers devote leisure and thought in preparing lessons for the young. They find themselves in greater clarity of thought on their own part and are rewarded by the affection and progress of their scholars.

(*c*) Business Life. Those who lose themselves in their trade or profession find themselves in increased capabilities and experience.

(*d*) Social and Athletic Life. This demands subjection of immediate or natural inclination, but results in training and fitness.

(*e*) The Religious Life. Old customs, traditions, and creeds have to die the death, but their place is taken by wiser customs, higher ideals, happier beliefs. He who loses himself in service for others finds himself in increased opportunities for service and in the peace which comes of doing God's work on earth. Consider Whittier's

'What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man?'

Also this further thought by the same poet:

'Save thou a soul and it shall save thine own.'

XXXI.—Zeo

F. J. GOULD

STEAM hisses, *tsee-zee* . . . And so the old Greek name for *to boil* was *zeo* or *zeein*; and a man who did his play or his work in a quick, sharp, full-hearted, boiling sort of way was called by his neighbours *zelos*. He had *zeal*, he was *zealous*.

Now look at the style in which the Spanish painter, Esteban March, did his pictures. His work-room or studio was one day turned into a very strange scene. It bristled with pikes, cutlasses, and javelins. The painter blew a loud blast on a trumpet; he beat a drum with all his might; and then, sword in hand, and shield on arm, he charged at the wall, and shouted a lusty war-cry; and his servants and his pupils fled from the house in much fear and amazement. But March meant no harm. His aim was to paint a battle-picture. He wanted to do it well. He wanted to get into the spirit of the thing before he took crayons to draw or brush to paint. So he seemed to boil; and lazy pupils (if such there were in that studio) understood the difference between just doing a task, and doing it with zeal.

A child sat on the edge of a quay and was so given up to its play that it forgot danger, and fell into the water. A shout, a crowd, a splash! But it was not a man or boy or woman who leaped in; it was a dog. Well and deep did Tray dive; and sure enough he seized the child's dress, and brought the frightened little soul safe to land.

Splash again! What! Another child fallen in? What is the matter now? Why has Tray dived a second time? Silence. The people wait and wonder. There's his head. He struggles to the quay. He lands. What on earth is this? In his mouth is a poor, ragged, soaking-wet doll! Ah, the child's doll. Tray meant to do the business thoroughly. No half-measures for him. Doll and all must be saved. A great sound of laughter rises, for the people's humour is tickled at the idea of rescuing a doll. Tray enjoys himself, and he trots away amid the cheers of the crowd. They admire his zeal. Even an animal can be zealous. Nor did Tray expect a medal! [1]

John Gould, of Dorsetshire (born 1804, died 1880) had a fine eye for birds, and a keen love for making pictures of them. In a museum he studied many stuffed Australian birds, and drew and painted them, and published part I and part II of a book on 'The Birds of Australia.' Then he stopped and said to himself, 'Is this a full and true account of the birds of Australia? Are they all here? Am I dealing honestly with readers by letting them think this is a complete report?' He and his wife packed up their things, and off they went to the far South-land. They roamed in Tasmania; they crossed Bass-strait; they

[1] The poet Browning tells the story.

visited South Australia; they pushed inland as much as four hundred miles from the coast of New South Wales; they got folk to help them; they examined fields, woods, lakes, rivers, and at length made out a list, with pictures, of three hundred kinds (species) of birds never before noted in books. Then they returned to England, and began part I again, and so finished 'The Birds of Australia,'—though I grieve to say the good wife died in the midst of the work. Gould used to say he wished, after his death, to be known as the Bird Man. And a thorough Bird Man he was, too. I think it was grand of him to go all round the world sooner than publish a book that was not useful, true, and complete.

Just as zealous a man, though he had by no means such a simple name as Gould, was the Chinese officer Chu-chih-hsi, who served his country in the seventeenth century. His business was to look after the Yellow River, or Hoang-ho; to improve it by dredging the mud of the bottom; to build and strengthen the embankments for checking floods; to make the splendid water-road safe to travel on, free of robbers, and clear of hindrances. For ten years this officer thus toiled for China and its people, and then came a disaster. A breach opened in the embankment, and the river began to rush through. All hands to the breach! Wood, earth, stone were brought and banked up; nor bees, nor ants, nor beavers, nor men ever worked harder, and Chu-chih-hsi went in and out among the workers never resting till the peril was overpast; and when the labour was heavy, he sang Chinese songs to the folk, and put fresh spirit into their hearts; and his *civic zeal* inspired all the people. Worn with service, he died; but to this day China remembers him, and boatmen who are caught by storm or other danger on the Yellow River, often call out his honourable name.

Are Americans less likely to be zealous than Chinamen? Not a bit of it. One night, in or about 1893, at a town on the shore of the vast Lake Superior, a telegram was received saying that, one hundred and ten miles away, two vessels were ashore, beaten by tempest, and likely to break up. To the rescue! A lifeboat was hurried to the railway-station; the crew hurried after it; the rocket-line and apparatus for carrying shipwrecked people from ship to shore was flung into the express train. A blinding snowstorm raged, and through this blizzard the train of salvation flew. By midnight it had run one hundred and ten miles. Crew, boat, and apparatus were speedily on the beach of the raging lake, whence the two distressed vessels were discerned through the darkness. Thirty-four lives were snatched that night from death in the waters.

One more story, and then my boiling's done.

'Bravo, bravo!' shouted many French voices in a crowded room, and many French hands were clapped.

It was in Paris, August, 1886. An old Frenchman bowed his thanks to the assembly. It was the famous chemist and clever student of the laws of colour, Chevreul. A most ancient man he was, for he was that day a hundred years old, having been born in August, 1786, three years before the great Revolution. Brightly gleamed the old colour-chemist's eyes when someone stepped forward and presented him with a bouquet of many-coloured flowers,—a gift of lovely colours for the Colour-man.

A few days later an Englishman,—a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—called to see M. Chevreul. The aged chemist was in bed, but very ready to chat to the visitor. He had been reading a book of Molière's Plays, and these are plays that make you laugh. He laid the book down, and chatted. He chatted about the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, and the dreadful scenes he had beheld in 1793. He chatted about Napoleon Bonaparte. He chatted about chemistry; about colours; about red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, mauve, pink, brown, crimson. Time passed, and the old man chatted. Time passed, and the old man's eyes sparkled as he chatted of the science of light and colour that he loved.

At length the Englishman rose to go.

'Ha, my friend!' cried Chevreul, 'I see what it is. You are tired of hearing about colours, but I am not tired of telling about them.'

They both laughed.

It was beautiful to see the old, old man still thrilling with joy at the thought of wonderful things in a wonderful world. He was zealous to the last breath of a well-spent life.

XXXII.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

Hadassah (Esther i., ii.).

H. FISHER SHORT

If they were asked, Who was Hadassah? not many boys or girls would know what to say; but if the question, Who was Esther? was put to them, not a few would be able to answer at once. Yet both are names of a little girl who had really one name only. How can that be? it may be asked. The explanation is that names are different in different languages. Take, as an example, the name of the mother of Jesus. To us who speak English she is known as Mary, but in Nazareth, where a different language was spoken, she was probably called Miriam.

So it was with the little girl of our lesson. She was a little Jewess and as such was called Hadassah, but she happened to live among the Persians by whom the name was changed to Esther, which means a star. Why she was in Persia and how she later became a queen, we shall now proceed to tell.

In the year 597 B.C. the great Babylonian ruler Nebuchadrezzar conquered the kingdom of Judah and carried away thousands of the Jews as captives, among whom was a man of the name of Kish. After the lapse of about a hundred years, some of this man's descendants were still living in exile, and little Hadassah was of their number. Meanwhile the Babylonians themselves had been conquered by Cyrus, King of the Persians, and the Babylonian Empire became Persian. Thus is explained the presence of our little heroine in Persia. Let us now see how she became a queen.

When Hadassah reached maidenhood, Xerxes—called in the Bible Ahasuerus—became king and ruled over a hundred and twenty provinces. The royal palace was in Shushan—or Susa—and here also dwelt Hadassah. Now Xerxes had a noble queen of the name of Vashti who, besides being noble in character, was a woman of great beauty. Naturally, the king was proud of his gracious consort, but that he did not show her the respect that was her due, the following story will prove.

In the third year of his reign Xerxes made a great feast, to which he invited all the princes and nobles of his realm. It was a festival of empire of unusual magnificence, and was continued for four and a half months. This was followed by another feast for the inhabitants of the royal city. All were invited. Some idea of the splendour of the function, which was held in the court of the king's beautiful garden, may be gathered from the following description. 'There were hangings of white cloth, of green, and of blue, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the couches were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and white, and yellow, and black marble.' The drinking cups were all made of gold, and each of a different design from the rest. At the same time, the queen also made a feast for all the ladies who lived at the palace.

The feasts went on together for a week, and would have ended happily but for a cruel and foolish mistake made by the king. On the seventh day, having taken too much wine, Xerxes sent for his beautiful queen that he might show off her loveliness before the people. Resenting such a cheapening of her charms, Vashti positively declined to appear. Disappointed and humiliated, the king flew into a rage and, after consulting his advisers, decreed that Vashti should no longer be queen, and that her royal estate should be given to another. After the infamous command had been carried out, and Vashti had been forever banished from the royal presence, the king's counsellors set to work to find a woman to fill her place. Officers were appointed to search out the most beautiful maidens in all the provinces and have them brought to Shushan, so that Xerxes might choose another queen from among them. In all the empire there was found no maiden who was fairer than Hadassah. We are told she 'obtained favour in the sight of all them that looked upon her.' And when she appeared before the king he was so carried away by her perfect beauty that he placed the royal crown upon her head and made her his queen. In honour of his new consort, Xerxes recalled the princes and nobles to another great feast. To the provinces he granted what is called a 'release'—which probably means that all who had sold themselves into slavery were liberated, and all who had sold lands received them back again, and to many of his subjects he made gifts befitting the dignity of a king. Such is the

story of the exaltation and crowning of Hadassah.

In the first chapter of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' there is a sentence that has become proverbial. It runs 'Handsome is as handsome does,' and plainly means, only those are really beautiful who live beautiful lives. And happily we may say of Hadassah as a girl, that she was as beautiful in character as she was lovely of feature. Early in life she had the misfortune to lose both her parents; one of the saddest things that can happen to any child. Fortunately, she had a kind-hearted kinsman of the name of Mordecai who took charge of her and brought her up as his own daughter. Mordecai was very fond of the child, but he was not foolish and did not 'spoil' her. With the wisdom of love he taught her the precious lesson of obedience; a lesson she never forgot, not even when she was grown-up, not even when she became a queen. As long as he lived, she respected his wishes and obeyed his expressed commands. What was the secret? Perhaps it was, in part, gratitude. Mordecai had become a father to the fatherless girl. He had generously nourished her as his own child. His home was hers, and his affection, shown in a hundred ways, was not wasted upon her. Hence, out of her very thankfulness, she found it a joy to obey. Her gratitude, however, was like a tender plant whose roots were deeply grounded in love. For love, which does not always beget love in return, in her case, fulfilled its divine law. So that while Mordecai became a true father to her, Hadassah became to him a loving and dutiful daughter.

This was also the secret of her beauty, and, through her beauty, of her elevation to the royal estate.

But, it may be said, this could not mould her form, shape her face, colour her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, her hair. Some of these things it could not do; but others it certainly could, and does. A great philosopher who died not long ago, in one of his books, wrote 'The saying that beauty is but skin-deep is but a skin-deep saying.' And what Herbert Spencer meant was that human beauty is not so much a matter of form and colour as of the 'radiant soul within.' That is to say, if we are beautiful in character, if we are pure in thought, tender in feeling, unselfish in desire, generous in motive, all this will stamp itself upon our very bodies, express itself in our movements, shine in our eyes, and ring in our voices. We may imagine that we are good-looking, but if we are unlovely within, our good looks exist only in our own vain imagination. As another great thinker, Emerson, tells us 'A man passes for that he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, in letters of light. There is confession in the glances of our eyes; in our smiles; in salutations; and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubs him. Men know not why they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches his nose, and writes O fool! on the forehead of a king.' We therefore repeat that the secret of Hadassah's surpassing loveliness, and hence of her being made a queen, was in the loveliness of her character.

And now let us pursue our usual course and see what lessons are to be learnt from the story of Hadassah. Those lessons—at least three in number—are, the duty of obedience, the secret of obedience, and the blessing of obedience.

Every intelligent boy knows that he ought to 'honour his father and mother,' as every sensible girl knows she should 'obey her parents.' If, like poor Hadassah they have lost their parents, then they know they ought to be obedient to their guardians. They may not be able to explain why they ought to be obedient, but they know it is their duty, all the same. How is it, then, that some boys and girls do not always do that which they know to be lawful and right? Perhaps it will be said it is because they like to have their own way, which on the surface appears to be the explanation. The real reason lies deeper than that, and is this: they have not yet discovered the secret of obedience. What that secret is, we have seen in the case of Hadassah. That boys and girls should be obedient is a social law. But social laws cannot be enforced. There is no such thing as compulsory obedience. And here we come upon the secret. An old Christian writer has told us, and told us truly, that 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' We can only obey our parents and guardians if we love them. To do as we are told unwillingly is not obedience but

rebellion ; but if we love our parents as they constantly love us, we shall find gladness in obedience. Moreover, like Hadassah, we shall realise the blessings of obedience. Our acts once performed are not over and done with. They are like seed sown in the garden of character. If we sow the seeds of loveless disobedience, our lives will be as unbeautiful as a wilderness of unpleasant weeds. But if in the spirit of loving gratitude we daily sow the seeds of happy obedience, we shall become beautiful within and lovely and lovable without. Like Hadassah, the girls will become queens, and the boys will become kings. They will not wear crowns of gold, but they will ' obtain favour in the sight of all that look upon them,' and reign in a kingdom of love.

XXXIII.—The ways of Providence
A Story from Voltaire

F. TALBOT

ZADIG, king of Babylon, became as famous for his wisdom as Solomon in later times ; but, unlike the latter, he learned his wisdom in the hard school of adversity. From his youth upwards he experienced the most extraordinary changes of fortune, rising rapidly to the highest position in the land at the king's right hand, only to fall as rapidly, and lose all that he had gained. But the thought which disturbed him most of all was the thought that his sufferings seemed as little deserved as his prosperity, a mere turn of chance sending him up or down as if he were the sport of some mischievous fairy. Once, when all his fondest hopes seemed on the point of being realised, and he was to be proclaimed the victor in the tournament, of which the prize was the hand of his beloved princess, one of his rivals stole his armour while he was asleep, and was accepted by the heralds as the victor. Zadig, whose protests were not even listened to, wandered forth into the desert, alone, friendless, and in despair. Here he met with an aged hermit who greeted him with great kindness and entertained him with the most delightful and profound discourse. The two travellers kept company and promised not to separate for three days. At the end of the first day they sought hospitality, as the custom was, at the house of a nobleman, by whom, or rather by whose servants, they were treated in a very lavish though somewhat contemptuous manner. The proud nobleman took no notice of the wayfarers, who were placed at the dinner table at the far end ; but the dishes were superb, and even the basin in which they washed their hands was of gold richly set with jewels.

Next morning they stopped at quite a large house where, however, they were accorded only a heap of dirty straw in the stable for a bed, and for their dinner sour bread and brackish water. In the morning the hermit, who appeared to accept the very different treatment in exactly the same spirit, with some difficulty obtained leave to interview the master of the house in order to thank him, which, to Zadig's surprise, he did in the most glowing terms ; but surprise turned to consternation when the hermit concluded his speech by hoping that his host would ' accept this trifling token of his esteem,' and by handing to him with a profound bow, the jewelled basin which he had obviously stolen from his previous host. Zadig could hardly keep his promise not to leave this extraordinary old man who expressed such noble sentiments and behaved so outrageously ; but by this time he was so completely under the other's influence that even his protests died away on his lips.

On the third night their entertainment was again of a wholly different kind. Their host was clearly not a rich man, but he was at great pains to provide in every possible way for the comfort and pleasure of his guests, often rising from his place at the table to attend personally to their wants, and discoursing with them with the utmost courtesy and kindness. While wishing them good-night he contrived to make them a little gift of money, to help them on their journey, with such delicacy that the most touchy person could not have taken offence. Our two travellers united in praising his wonderful hospitality as soon as he had withdrawn, but Zadig was surprised indeed to be awakened before dawn by the hermit, who explained that they must take up their journey before their host awakened ; and surprise was changed to horror when, on looking back a little later, he perceived that the house was in flames. Unable longer to control himself, he broke out into the most passionate denunciation of the aged man

who seemed so much more and so much less than man ; but, even as he spoke, the old hermit underwent a strange transformation ; age, poverty, and weakness seemed to fall away from him ; youth, splendour, and strength infused his body, and Zadig knew that he was face to face with the angel Jesrad. Opening a large clasped book which he had carried throughout their journey, the angel bade Zadig read what was written ; but the latter, learned as he was, could not decipher a single letter of that strange page. 'How,' said the angel, 'thou canst not read it ? yet this is the book of human destiny, and thou hast thought to understand the ways of Providence ! Behold, that proud man will no longer ignore the humblest of his guests, that miser has been for ever shamed of his niggardliness, that good man has found a vast treasure which lay hidden in the foundations of his ruined house, and I pass on my way in the service of one whom men can adore but never understand.'

On golden wings the angel soared to heaven ; and Zadig, having praised God for his revelation, passed on his way resolved to serve him humbly, patiently, and steadfastly, doing each duty without thought of reward or vain searching of the mystery of life.

XXXIV.—XLV.

W. H. CARPENTER

XXIV.—Bad Language and Thoughts

A MOTHER heard her little boy use bad language, and at once took and washed his mouth with strong soap, to show him that bad words were quite as nasty as dirt. We keep our faces and hands clean ; let us also keep our mouths free from bad language or unkind words. We may not mean anything wrong, but they may do untold harm to others.

A traveller in Arctic regions told a story (not a true one) that the cold there was so great that the words froze on the lips and fell in little lumps of ice to the ground, so that after talking for some minutes you would be surrounded with frozen words. If this were true, if we could see what we have been saying scattered round us, we should perhaps be more careful of our words.

A hasty or angry word is often remembered long by the hearer. It may be as permanent in his mind as if written there with pen and ink.

You hear people say sometimes, 'I would cut my tongue out rather than have said that.' It is better to keep your tongue ; but learn to control it. Without it you could not speak words of kindness and cheer.

A Story from the Talmud.—'A wandering trader in spices called aloud in the market-place, "Who will buy the balm of life ?" When a crowd thronged round him to buy, he said to them, "If you want to possess this wonderful balm, here it is !" And taking a book from his pocket, he read aloud from Psalm xxxiv. : "Where is the man that desireth life ? Who loveth many days to live happy ? Guard thy tongue from speaking evil, and thy lips from uttering guile."'

Evil thoughts also may do much harm to ourselves. A wise old minister said : 'You cannot always prevent an evil thought flitting through your mind, but you can prevent it making a nest there.' A room left shut up and neglected will become infested with all sorts of insects, spiders, flies, even perhaps bats and mice. You will find it full of webs and nests, and in a warm summer they will increase rapidly. And it is the same with evil thoughts—they increase. So try to keep your mind free from them by filling it with good thoughts, for if evil thoughts take possession you will find it difficult to get rid of them. Good thoughts will come by reading good books, by learning verses from our hymns, by keeping in our memory what we hear of the noble and good.

[NOTE.—The following lessons were used in one of our schools on successive Sundays. The commandments were written in large print letters on a sheet hung up in good view, a new one being added each week. If they could be carved on a board, it would aid the imagination, as a nearer approach to the Tables of the Law.

The notes are in skeleton form to be filled in by the teacher. Additional illustrative stories should be used, those given being probably familiar. Other commandments may also be called to mind, or different phrasing of them, but they should be kept as short as possible.]

XXXV.—The Ten Commandments

Exodus xxxiv. Deuteronomy v.

Jesus and Hillel summed them up thus: 'Love God and love thy neighbour as thyself.' Jesus gave a new commandment, 'Love one another.'

To be useful commandments must be fixed in our minds and hearts, not merely written up where we can see them. In obedience to the verse, Deut. vi. 8, the Jews used to write the commandments on strips of parchment called phylacteries, which they bound upon their foreheads or their wrists. But it was more important to bear them always in their minds.

The Ten Commandments were given to the Jews many, many years ago. Men have learned much since then. There are other commandments now which we must keep in our minds and hearts if we would grow up into good men and women. Let us set up ten more Commandments to learn and try to obey.

XXXVI.—Love God and Man

The heart that loveth is willing.'—*Longfellow*

We are asked to do something. Do we go willingly, ready to do it at once? Or do we say 'all right' and delay; or pout and show that we are unwilling; or do it because we are made to. The one who loves is always willing to help those loved. That is a better test than talking of loving. People may appear to be very friendly, but their friendships will not always stand the test. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'

There is a hymn, 'I'd like to be an angel,' describing wings, harps, palms, and so on. But angels are really people who have the right sort of heart, 'the heart that loveth.' Florence Nightingale was called 'The Ministering Angel.'

If we love God we shall be willing to do his will—what he wishes us to do—that is, the Right. Remember that he is always with us when we are trying to do right.

Illustration. 'Six hundred years after the death of Theseus, in the famous fight at Marathon, men said they saw the ghost of Theseus with his mighty club of brass, fighting in the van of battle against the invading Persians for the country that he loved' (Kingsley's Heroes).

When we are trying hard to do what is right, let us think that God is with us in our struggle—as the Athenian soldiers thought they saw Theseus—fighting the same fight and on our side. This will be a great encouragement.

If we love God we shall be willing to do something for him, not for the hope of heaven, to gain a front seat in Paradise, but because we are willing to obey the voice of God—conscience. And we do not really love God unless we try to love our fellows and help those in need.

XXXVII.—'Be Kind'

Paul: Ephes. iv. 32.
'Love one another': Jesus.

Illustrations. (1) The Good Samaritan. (2) Mungo Park, the African traveller, came to a native village one evening very tired, and the villagers received him kindly and gave him food and lodging for the night. As he lay in a hut that evening he heard the women singing at their work. They had composed a song about the stranger, and sang as follows:—

> 'The poor white man, faint and weary,
> Came and lay down under our trees.
> He has no mother to bring him milk
> No wife to grind his corn.'

They felt pity for the poor, weary traveller, and shewed him kindness.

Even dumb animals know something of kindness. They know those who are kind to them and shew love in return.

[See also Paul, I Corinth. xiii., and lessons thereon in *Pleasant Pages*, volume v., which form a very good course based on the verses of that chapter.]

XXXVIII.—'Be True'

Speak truly—be honest.

A boy went to market with fruit, and on a customer wishing to buy a melon he pointed out that it had a bad bruise. Another salesman close by told him he should not have pointed out the fault, but have left it to be found out by the customer. But the boy said, 'I must be honest.'

Act truly. Don't pretend to be better than you are: 'A good farthing is better than a counterfeit sovereign.'

To keep a promise is to speak and act truly. Regulus, the Roman General, had promised the Carthaginians to return and give himself up as a prisoner if he could not persuade the Romans to make peace. He

was true to his word,and returned to face a cruel death.

The story of Ruth, a faithful friend.

XXXIX.—Be Sober

Be self-controlled in all things. Not only in the use of alcoholic drinks, but also in speech, as when you condemn or admire, e.g. the use of such words as 'rotten,' 'awfully.' When you are joyful try not to let your joy give annoyance to others, as by loud yells and rough play.

In the story of Orpheus and the Syrens (Kingsley's Heroes) Orpheus represents the voice of duty warning to self-control, and the Syrens represent the danger of pleasure when it calls us away from our duty. If the Argonauts had listened to the alluring voices of the Syrens, they would have deserted their quest.

In a crowd many people lose control of themselves. They see the actions of others and imitate them like silly sheep, following a leader and acting without reason. Panics are caused in this way. Do not shout with a crowd against anything which has roused their fury. You may do grievous harm, and afterwards find that the crowd was wrong. People who disapproved of the Boer War (1900) because they felt it was unjust were called 'unpatriotic'—their windows were broken sometimes—but within a few years they were proved to be right, and the crowd, who did not know much about the matter really, proved to be wrong.[1]

If we act in haste we may indeed repent at leisure—but we cannot always repair the wrong we may have done by want of self-control.

XL.—Do your best

Every little best helps. Famous inventors have done their best and we reap the benefit: e.g. George Stephenson and the steam engine, Lord Kelvin and the perfected marine compass. Other men have done their best in making roads, ships, and many other things that we now think we could not do without; and we enjoy the results of their labours.

God has given to each of us some work to do. Let us each put our best efforts into it. 'We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts' (Ruskin). 'A man has no more right to be a miser of his best than of money.' Cf. Antonio Stradivari and his Violins (Geo. Eliot).

[1] Sir William Butler's Autobiography.

XLI.—Be brave

Bravery is not only required in battle. *Illustrations.* The loss of the Birkenhead. The Monk in the Coliseum.

The mother—whether bird, beast, or woman—is brave to defend her little ones. There was a mother with terrible scars on her face, which was so disfigured that some turned away that they might not see it. But her sons knew the cause. She had climbed the blazing trellis against the house to save them from the room where they were sleeping when boys. That 'marred face' was to them equal to the Victoria Cross 'for valour.'

We can all serve our country, not only as soldiers and sailors. The highest kind of bravery is that which supports the right in face of opposition from the multitude. 'Dare to do right' though people may laugh and make fun.

XLII.—Be Patient

You can be in too great a hurry. Many clever people are not patient enough. If they cannot do a thing at once they give up trying, and they do not achieve as much or become so useful as the patient people who go on trying. Patient preparation is required for the best work.

Perseus (Kingsley's Heroes) was not allowed to go at once to fight the Gorgon. He had to wait patiently until he was fully prepared for the great task.

Two men climbed a hill together and saw from the top the town they wished to reach. It seemed to lie quite close, and one of them started to run. The other walked steadily on down the hill, and presently in a lane overtook his former companion who was sitting by the wayside. He said the town was much farther off than he thought, and he was tired with running. So the other plodded on and reached the town first.

Life is like a journey, and requires much patience—patient trying, patient suffering sometimes. The one who is patient often helps the most. Careful doing of little duties is a preparation for greater ones.

XLIII.—Be Modest

Illustrations. Æsop's fable of the Warhorse and the Ass. Also Gould's Moral

Lessons I, p. 93. Haman and Mordecai in the Book of Esther.

Some people think a great deal of themselves. But if they could look at themselves through the large end of a telescope they would perhaps understand how small they are. They talk as if they could do great things, but when they get great things to do they fail to do them.

By doing small things well we prepare ourselves for the larger duties of life; cf. The Parable of the Talents.

Yet do not be afraid to try—you can be too modest. Have confidence in yourselves. Try and, if necessary, try again. At last with practice you will succeed. Slow growth makes the strong and sturdy oak, but the soft, sappy mushroom grows up in the course of a night and rots away next day.

XLIV.—Be happy (contented)

'Happiness is not doing what we like but liking what we do.' It depends far more on thinking of others than on trying to make ourselves happy. A school excursion will be far more enjoyable for ourselves if we think first of how we can help others to enjoy themselves. There are two words 'happy' and 'selfish,' and a little prefix 'un.' Before which word will you place the 'un'? You cannot be both un-happy *and* un-selfish, but only the one or the other. Which is it to be?

Illustration. e.g. 'The Shirt of a Happy Man.' Home is the great place for happiness. Happiness is as infectious as measles, but you need never be afraid of doing harm by spreading it. Keep a happy face for your neighbours, your school teacher, your mother and father, and you will help them to meet their own troubles cheerfully.

XLV.—Lend a Hand

Illustrations. 1. At the Good Friday dinner of the Manchester Dictrict Sunday School Association, the fare was cold boiled or roast beef and mashed potatoes. In the course of the religious service the chapel bell rang; at a later point it rang again. What was the explanation? The first bell meant, put the potatoes on; the second meant, take the potatoes off—and mash them. Thus, as no single pot could do all the boiling for the dinner, the potatoes were given out in little quantities to many families, and each lot was ready at the same time. So each could do something, and all together would accomplish much.

2. The plum pudding, which took a hundred men to make—the farmer to grow the corn for the flour, the miller to grind it, the shopkeeper to sell it, the sailor to bring the fruit across the sea, and many others. Yet it was only an ordinary plum pudding such as we have at Christmas.

We could not get on without the shopkeeper, the tramcar driver and conductor, the dustman, and all the other people who work—some behind the scenes—to make us comfortable and happy. All lend a hand to make our little world go round.

Robinson Crusoe, alone on his island, had to make his own clothes, cook his own food, sail his own boat, and so on. He would have been very glad of some one to lend a hand.

So all of us must obey this commandment. When we grow up we shall all have to put our hands to some work or other. Already perhaps we are thinking what we shall be some day when we are grown up; so that we cannot begin too early to learn to lend a hand. We can often find some one who wants help; so keep your eyes open for chances to lend a hand, and remember 'many a mickle makes a muckle.'

HOW TO MAKE A MISSION SUCCEED

A.C.R.

When the Armour Mission in Chicago was started with $800,000 endowment, it was hard to decide just how to manage the religious part of it. Joseph Armour had directed in the will by which he gave $100,000 that it should be non-sectarian. Phil Armour, who added $400,000 to the original fund, was altogether opposed to the Mission being anything but a broad, humanitarian charity, with plenty of religion, of course, but of that generic sort only which would be as acceptable to the Romanist as to the Methodist, and as agreeable to the Episcopalian as to the Baptist.

The reverend gentleman who was finally selected to take charge of the religious welfare of the institution was given, in general terms, an idea of this purpose of

the founders. They did not want sectarianism of any kind or degree. Good doctrine from the Bible without any theology, was what he was asked to give. He began with energy and ran along for some time on his own idea of what the little children and the parents who filled the benches needed. One day, he received a summons to come down town to the office. He got there promptly, and was beckoned over to the big packer's desk. Armour wheeled round in his chair a couple of times as if to select his vocabulary, looked the man of God over carefully, and then launched forth into his own ideas of theology.

'You're giving these youngsters too much grape and canister,' he began slowly. 'Hell-fire and brimstone are all right for the old sinners, but the Mission isn't for them. Now," he added, with the same emphasis he would use to one of his office clerks, 'I want you to change round and try another plan. If you don't, you'll drive all those children away. When you begin your service in the morning, you can read a chapter from the Bible. Then have a little prayer, something short,—not longer than that'—measuring off about a foot with his forefinger. 'Then I want you to sing,—sing a good many times," he repeated emphatically. 'Then tell a story,' he continued,—'something with a point to it and a moral, but short. Then you can have another little prayer; but, mind you, not longer than that,' holding his hands about six inches apart this time.

'Mr. Armour,' remarked the preacher, rather jocosely, 'I suppose you can run a packing-house, but you don't know much about religion.'

'Well,' said the builder of the Mission, very sharply, 'will you try it?'

'Oh, yes,' was the answer.

Phil Armour's theological scheme was adopted after that interview, and proved a great success. He went up every Sunday to the children's morning service, and watched the thing grow.

'Don't you mind the old fellows or the played-out sinners,' he constantly adjured the minister in charge. 'If you see an old fellow in the gutter even, don't stop, but keep your eye on the little fellow ahead. Look out for him.'

Armour's theology filled the benches, and they held eighteen hundred people. The preacher, ever after that sharp interview at the La Salle Street office, worked on the new tack. The service was a most interesting one. According to orders the grown folks were entirely ignored. The whole service was for the little ones. The prayers were short,—not longer than Armour indicated with his two forefingers. There was singing pretty nearly all the time. The little fellows were drilled to recite verses or to sing solos. And yet the benches were almost filled with the parents and grown brothers and sisters of the little ones. There were twice as many at the children's service in the morning as in the evening, when a sermon was preached.

"You can do what you like at night,' Armour told the preacher in an encouraging way, after the interview. 'You can preach a sermon if you like; for I'll never be there except in the morning. But at the children's service I want my way until I see it won't work.'

But it did work. The dominie at the Mission admitted that, after all, Phil Armour knew better what would fill the benches than a trained minister. Best of all, and this pleased Armour most, all creeds gathered at the Mission to bring or see the children, hundreds of Catholics among the others.

PRAYERS

JOHN PAGE HOPPS

For the Opening of School

ONCE more, O Father! the light of another day of rest shines upon us; once more this place receives us; once more we look upon the faces of teachers and of friends; once more we come to speak and hear words that may make us wiser, and better, and holier in thy sight. Now, O Father! with this light of day, give us the inward light that shines into the darkest places of the soul; and, even as we have opened these doors for both the teacher and the taught, so may we all open our hearts to thee. May they who teach, to-day, feel their need of thee: may they who are taught feel that God is teaching them through these earthly voices. Give these scholars attentive minds and open hearts; and mercifully send some message to each of

them that shall be blessed indeed to the heart that receives it. We cannot teach, unless we are first taught by thee: O then, make us wise, and give us light! We cannot be taught unless thy good Spirit breathes life into our souls: O then, be near us and in us to give life to all we do this day. And when the day is done, and we return once more to our homes, may we all be indeed better, wiser, and holier for its employments. *Amen.*

Our Father who art in heaven, we come to thee believing that heaven is near us, and that thou also art near. Hear our prayers and teach us how to pray. We come from various homes, and we bring with us various wants. Some are happy and some are sad: some feel their need of thee, and some are so free from care that they think not of thee. O merciful Father! help us all to feel our need of thee, and then give us thy blessing as we need it. For thou knowest all our wants: thou knowest also our sins, our temptations, our weaknesses, our troubles. O help us, then, and bless us this holy Sabbath-day. Some may need comfort, coming from homes of sorrow; O help these and console them. Some may need convincing of sin, because they have done wrong and have not yet repented of it; O God! shew these how shameful sin is in thy sight, and give them sorry and repentant hearts. Some may need to be encouraged in their efforts to become wiser and better; O teach these by the good spirit, and cheer them on their blessed way. Some may need awakening from carelessness and thoughtlessness; O God! arouse us all to serious thought and deep concern: and so, let this day be indeed a day of blessing, a day of new life, a day of true devotion to us all: we ask it as thy children, in the spirit of Jesus Christ thy son. *Amen.*

Merciful God! we enter into this place with thanksgiving; we come again to our employments here with praise. Thou hast kept us amid the dangers, the temptations, and the troubles of another week. O Father! we thank thee for thy tender mercy. Let the memory of it subdue and purify our hearts. But suffer us not to rejoice before thee for thy goodness without also feeling sorry for our offences. How often have we forgotten thee this week! Alas, how seldom have we thought of thee. We have thought of our comforts, of our troubles, of ourselves; but how little have we thought of thee! We have broken thy laws, we have neglected thy wishes, we have grieved thy Holy Spirit. Father! have pity upon us, and, inasmuch as we are sorry for our sins, say to every one of us—'Thy sins be forgiven thee, go in peace.' And now, open our hearts and purify our souls, that we may speak to-day the words of truth and love, and hear with an earnest desire to find the wisdom that is from above,—the pearl of great price, the heavenly treasure that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto. We ask this, O Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and brother. *Amen.*

For the Closing of School

Holy Father! once more we are about to separate—and to go to our own homes and friends. But behold us now before thee, asking for thy blessing ere we go. How often have we gathered here! How often parted thus! O forbid it that all our meetings here should be in vain. We bless thee for the thought that we do not go from *thy* presence. Teachers may be absent from us, and companions may not be near, but thou, O Father! wilt never depart. In the darkness of the night thine eye beholds us, and in the brightness of the day it follows us. If we could go to the farthest part of the earth, thou would still be with us, even as thou art with us now. If we sin against him, we may be sorry this is so; but if we obey and love him, the thought of it should make us glad. Go with us, then, O God! and make us thankful to know that thou art near. Bless our parents, our friends, our companions, our teachers. In the coming week keep us in all our duties: may we become more careful, and more thoughtful; may we learn to be truthful, and honest, and pure; may we strive against passion, and selfishness, and sin; and at last may we hear thee say to every one of us—'Come, ye blessed, to that which is prepared for you.' This our prayer, hear O our Father! through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Heavenly Father! we wish to begin, to continue, and to end all our days and all our employments with thee; but we especially desire so to begin and so to end

our days and our employments *here*: for here we think and speak of those great concerns which may minister to our highest good in this world and prepare us for nobler services and purer pleasures in the world to come. Again we have heard the words of wisdom and of truth, and again have we been pointed to the way that is good. Thou knowest whether we are anxious to remember these words or to walk in this way. Thou knowest who amongst us are careless and inattentive, and thou knowest also who are thoughtful, and earnest, and sincere. We commend *all* to Thy Fatherly love and care: bless to *all* the instructions of this day, and sanctify to *all* the efforts of thy servants. We shall not be able to trace the results of our endeavours: we may never be allowed to see, on earth, the fruit of the seed we sow: these scholars may pass away, one by one, and give no sign; and our hearts may never know the joy of seeing even one devoted unto thee: but we desire to leave all to thee, in cheerful trust. Take each scholar into thy keeping: and, in the blessed world whither some of our number have already gone, God grant that we may all meet again, to part no more for ever. We ask it through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

All-merciful Father! we come now to speak the parting words for another Sabbath-day. The shadows of night will soon gather about us, and another of earth's Sabbaths will be for ever gone. This place will be left to silence, and in thy book will be written all the words and deeds of this day. For some of us it may, perhaps, be our last Sabbath-day. When we shall assemble again, some now here may be far away, in that beautiful world where God will make all things new. O prepare us all for the wonderful change that must sooner or later come: prepare us by making us holier, by making us more like thee, by bringing us into thy holy kingdom here. And to this end, bless the instruction that has been given to-day. May no good word be entirely lost; may no good thought be altogether in vain. But, when the end shall come, may it be found that something said or done to-day helped some scholar to see and choose the way to Life. Even so prosper what has been said and done by us to-day, and make it fruitful not only for this life but for the life to come; through Jesus Christ our Saviour and brother. *Amen.*

Our most loving Father, because thou hast been gracious to us we are here together to-day: and yet, to those who have gone into the world of light beyond, thou hast been gracious too: for it is a good thing to draw near unto God. But we are happy in the thought of God with us,—in the daily joy of being here in this beautiful world, in the pleasant friendships that make life a constant blessing, and even in the work that is often hard and dry, but that may help so much to make us thoughtful, patient, honest, and useful.

We thank thee for the blessed daylight; for sunshine and rain; for dark clouds and the friendly night and sleep; for the faithful seasons; for wise and good men and women who are always trying to make the world happier and better—encouraging, uplifting, and saving; and, above all, for the sweet hope of better things to come.

Father, thy children share together this precious gift of life. Help us more and more to work together to make it a blessed thing for us all to live. Help us together to believe that life is from thee: and then may we pass on to trust in thee, and, in some measure, to feel and know what life should mean for us below, and what it may mean for us above.

May we all understand that this earth is a school-house; that we are thy scholars every day, and shall be to the end, and that every fresh experience, and struggle, and duty, may end in gracious growths in us of virtue, helpfulness, sympathy, and courage.

Help us to remember the good we hear, to choose firmly the good that we inwardly approve, and to practise what we know. Bless fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, teachers, friends, and help us all to help one another in all things gracious, right, and good. *Amen.*

If a thousandth part of what has been expended in war and preparing its mighty engines had been devoted to the development of reason and the diffusion of Christian principles, nothing would have been known for centuries past of war's terrors, its sufferings, its impoverishment and its demoralisation but what was learned from history. —*Horace Mann.*

The devil tempts the idle man: but the idle man tempts the devil.—*Turkish Proverb.*

EISTEDDFODAU

RONALD BARTRAM

An Eisteddfod, according to the encyclopædia, is the name given to the gathering of Welsh bards for competitions in the national minstrelsy. But the term has assumed, outside Wales, a little different meaning. Any church, school, or society desirous of promoting healthy competition and keen and friendly rivalry amongst its members, cannot do better than hold an eisteddfod. But do not let anyone run away with the idea that he can run an eisteddfod as easily as he can buy an article in a shop ; there will be a certain amount of trouble and worry attached to it, but, if successful, the organiser will be well repaid for that.

The Programme

An eisteddfod used to be confined to music and poetry, but now it has extended its borders and takes in a variety of competitions. I have before me as I write the prospectus of one which, in addition to vocal and instrumental music, elocution and literature, included needlework, painting, photography, and wood-carving. The prospectus should not be too extensive at the start. The competitions might be confined, say, to the following, which I think would not be considered too ambitious :—

Pianoforte Solo.
Do. Sight reading.
Soprano solo.
Contralto solo.
Baritone or Bass solo.
Singing at sight.
Original story (limited number of words).
Recitation.
Impromptu speech.
Answers to questions on general knowledge.
Needlework, plain and fancy.

Management

The first thing to be done, after deciding on what items are to be included in the programme, is to choose the judges. It is always wise to select as judges people who are not connected with the body from which the competitors will be drawn, as this will do away with any chance of an accusation of favouritism in the decisions. Judges are but human after all and not infallible, but if they have no connection with the school they cannot be thought to have an ulterior motive. And it will always be found that there is someone who disagrees with the judge's verdict.

Having appointed the judges, ask them to select the test pieces and make what conditions they think fit. One condition, however, should always be inserted, namely, that the competitions are only open to amateurs. Also it is advisable, when managing an eisteddfod for the first time, if not always, to confine the entries to members of the congregation and school. If it is open to everybody to compete, young and budding talent will be discouraged because of the fear that experts from outside will come in and take the prizes. It is our own folk we should wish to encourage, and some of those who are a little shy of performing in public whom we should desire to bring out.

Prizes

When all the competitions and test pieces have been set, members of the congregation should be asked to provide prizes. If the proposed donor of any prize is told that it should not cost more than, say, five shillings, probably no difficulty will be found in this little matter. Personally, I greatly object to money prizes, and think it looks much better to have a prize in kind presented at the conclusion of the competitions. I have gone up to receive a prize of five shillings, which was in a little bag with a long ribbon to it, and when it was hung round my neck I felt like a prize ox.

After all the preliminaries, including the date of the eisteddfod, have been arranged, particulars of the whole affair should be duplicated or printed and issued *at least two months* before the date fixed. It will be found convenient and helpful if there are section secretaries—provided, of course, that they do not fall ill or have to go away—in charge of (*a*) music, (*b*) elocution, (*c*) needlework, respectively, whose duty it will be to obtain as large a number of entries as possible in their sections. And I can assure the readers of this article that if they tackle anything of this kind they will have to hunt up the competitors and persuade them to enter for the different competitions : it is no good simply inserting a notice in the conditions

that competitors must send in their names and entrance fees (which should be moderate) by a certain date, and expect the entries to come in like fowls when food is being thrown to them.

Preliminary Contests

The next item will be, when all the entries are in,—about a week before the eisteddfod,—to arrange for a preliminary trial for such competitions as have too many entrants for all to perform on the night. Considerations of time will prevent all the competitors, if a large number, from exhibiting their prowess on the eventful night, in addition to which the audience will get tired of hearing the same thing time after time. I recently sat through the ordeal of hearing ten young people under sixteen years of age recite 'Little Orphant Annie' all through. It was too painful for words. It will be found that a useful number to which to reduce competitors will be three.

We have now arrived at the night of nights, when all hope to conquer; but it is a case of 'many are called (to perform) but few are chosen (for the prizes).' A judicious arrangement of the programme is necessary so as to vary the items. For instance, it is not desirable to have all the musical items together. The evening will not be without its humour, for if the impromptu speech and the answers to questions do not provide laughter and enjoyment, there must be something radically wrong somewhere. And in these two events it will frequently be found that talent has lain hidden in most unexpected quarters.

It is advisable to make a condition that no competitor shall take more than two prizes. The wisdom of this was brought home to me on one occasion when a single competitor won five prizes out of, I think, sixteen.

As I said at the beginning, other items can easily be added for competition (as the cookery books say, 'season to taste'), but it is much the best plan to start in a modest way and aspire to greater things afterwards. Once an eisteddfod has been held, it will be found much easier to arrange in following years. Experience has been bought, and this is one of those undertakings in which experience is a great help. One other point I would emphasize: it is advisable, if the eisteddfod is carried on year after year, to change the judges about every two years. They have their own ideas of judging, and if the same competitors enter year after year it will occur that the same person is awarded the prize. But fresh judges will have different ideas—and possibly fads—with the result that prizes will go in different directions.

An eisteddfod, if carefully and well managed, will provide a thoroughly good evening's enjoyment, besides encouraging a healthy *esprit de corps* amongst the competitors. To me it has been a source of great interest and pleasure, and I am sure anyone organising an eisteddfod would feel the same, in addition to knowing that it had been brought to a successful conclusion. I can certainly advise any school, which has not tried this experiment, to see what can be done, and I feel sure that the result will be beneficial.

LAKELAND

ARNOLD BROADBENT

THEY told me that June was the best month for the Lakes—that only in June could one see them as they ought to be seen—that the weather was generally more settled in that month than in any other.

So I went.

I don't know whether my informants were intending to be humorous, or whether this particular June was an exception to the general rule, or whether, in fact, June is generally like that, and other months considerably worse in comparison. But my experience was that whatever description can properly be applied to June weather in Lakeland, it certainly can *not* be said to be settled. I have never seen such acrobatic performances as those which the barometer and thermometer accomplished during my sojourn. Gales of wind, drizzling showers, heavy rainstorms, brilliant sunshine, clammy mists—every conceivable variety of weather phenomenon except a snowstorm—followed one another with bewildering rapidity. Nature seemed to be playing the rôle of a quick change artiste, and doing it remarkably well.

There were of course compensating advantages. One saw Nature in all her moods, and she was beautiful in them all. Nevertheless, it was a little disconcerting to go out in brilliant sunshine and return a few hours later in a cold drizzle; and one felt inclined sometimes to revile the inconsistency of the Clerk of the Weather, and mildly to remonstrate with him for his rather weird performances. In fact, I did begin a poem on the subject one day, when the rain had driven me to seek shelter under a tree, and, if I quote it here, I beg the reader to remember that it was begun under great provocation.

Come! Mister Clerk,
Dear Mister Clerk,
Be merciful, I pray;
Sunshine and shower
In one short hour,
Is rather *too* 'au fait.'

I only got as far as that when the sun, doubtless in response to my supplication, and perhaps with a sense that it was fulfilling a public duty in preventing the perpetration of any more such stuff, broke through the clouds again, and saved me the trouble of thinking out the rest of the poem. Which is perhaps as well.

I mentioned that I was sheltering under a tree when I started that poetical protest. I did rather a lot of sheltering under trees during my visit, and if anyone wants to write a scientific treatise on the art of dodging raindrops, with special reference to the value of various kinds of trees as a protection against rain, I would advise him to conduct his researches in the Lake district. After a time, I became quite an expert in this art or science, and came to know the individual peculiarities of a good many kinds of trees in this connection. Thus I found that the delicate foliage of the silver birch or the aspen makes a more efficient umbrella than the larger-leaved oak and sycamore; and I soon became painfully aware of a disagreeable habit possessed by the last-named tree, of collecting a large quantity of water in its foliage, and then suddenly dropping it, 'plop,' down the back of one's neck. The hazel also is very well until the lower leaves become soaked (which in the Lake District seems very often to be the case), but after that it is, if anything, more impossible than the sycamore. Instead of dropping the water down one's neck, the low hanging foliage simply smears one all over with it.

I remember one particular day: a thin, misty drizzle was falling when I went out, but I trudged valiantly on. My temerity in braving the elements, however, seemed somewhat to exasperate the Clerk of the Weather, for as soon as I had got decently remote from any reasonable chance of shelter, the rain began to descend in torrents. So I resorted to my favourite device of standing under a tree, where I had ample leisure to survey my surroundings.

I was on the fringe of the woods that skirt the shore of lovely Derwentwater. In front of me, peeping through the trees, the lake itself showed dull and leaden, while the opposite shore, scarcely visible through the mists of driving rain, seemed as if it might be the other shore of the Styx, so gloomy and forbidding did it appear. All round me towered the mountains, peak upon peak rising in endless array, their summits visible above huge banks of rolling vapour, which writhed and drifted slowly round and about.

The idea struck me that this must be Nature's washing day. Nature seems to be very fond of washing, in the Lake District.

I began to realise the truth of the old proverb that 'Words on the weather flock together.' After half an hour or so, the rain showing no signs of abating, I gave vent to a few pithy remarks on the subject and tramped back to my headquarters.

It is perhaps natural, in the circumstances, that I should be somewhat prolix on the subject of rain, but I ought in common fairness to say that it wasn't raining *all* the time. The next day dawned fine and clear; never have I seen such crystal purity of atmosphere. The previous day's washing had left Nature's face clean and smiling, and where before she had seemed sullen and gloomy, she now presented a countenance of exquisite serenity and loveliness.

I made haste to reach the nearest height, and, by a long and devious climb, I at length attained the gently rounded summit of Latrigg, the 'cub' of Skiddaw. He is a cub of no mean proportions. Twelve hundred odd feet high he stands. But he is a mere hillock in comparison with his mighty father.

The summit of Latrigg commands a view of surpassing beauty, a vast panorama of mountain, lake, river, and sea.

'With exultation at our feet we see
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,
An universe of nature's fairest forms,
Proudly reveal'd with instantaneous burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.'

To the south lies a tossing jumble of mountains, peak rising upon peak like billows on an angry sea. Patches of dark purple, shading off by imperceptible gradations into browns and greens and greys, form the colour scheme of this wonderful picture, in the middle foreground of which, scintillating in the morning sun, nestles the gem of all the Lakes—Derwentwater. Looking westward one sees Bassenthwaite Lake, a broad blue ribbon ten miles long; and beyond that, peeping round the broad shoulders of Skiddaw, a narrow strip of sea which is the Solway Firth; and on the furthest horizon, a dim grey streak which is Kircudbrightshire.

It was a few days later when I climbed Skiddaw. Now, Skiddaw, as everybody knows who has been to school, is over three thousand feet high, and the fourth highest mountain in England. The ascent is therefore not to be recommended to stout people who are getting on in years, and are becoming rather short of breath. Some such appear to have tried it, and their groans remain on record in black and white in the visitors' book, as a warning to mankind. The visitors' book is kept in a little tin hut half-way up the mountain, and is in the charge of a cheerful old individual who sells picture postcards and ginger-beer at exorbitant prices. I ought to have made a few extracts from this very human record. The only thing that I recollect about it at this distance of time is that the first entry, on the day on which I climbed the mountain, was the signature of a gentleman from Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

The view from the top of Skiddaw is much the same as that from Latrigg, but more extensive in its scope; and I thought it lost somewhat in beauty from this circumstance. There was so much more room for uninteresting and distracting detail. Yet, even so, one cannot fail to realise the force of Wordsworth's description:—

'This is a temple built by God's own hand—
Mountains its wall, its gorgeous roof the sky—
Where uncontrolled the exalted soul partakes
Her natural and high communion,
Loses all thought of this world's pigmy pomp,
And in the stern and distant solitude,
Feels as alone with the Invisible.'

The lines, however, were written on the summit of Scafell Pike.

One of the most delightful days that I spent in the Lake District was the day on which I went to Lodore. There is a story, current in the neighbourhood, of a wealthy American who went to view the famous Falls but failed to find them in the place where they ought to have been. So he sat down on a boulder, and enquired of a passing native where the Falls might be. 'Why,' replied the rustic, 'you're a settin' on 'em.' And so he was; the Falls had run dry owing to a period of drought!

Luckily, I had heard the story before I set out to find the Falls, or otherwise I might have had a similar experience. Eight or nine days of dry weather had sadly reduced the volume of water coming over the Falls, and it is a fact that I sat down on a boulder in the middle of the chasm and calmly ate my lunch. I hope it wasn't sacrilege!

After that I climbed right up the gorge, and proceeded through the woods which clothe the sides until I came out on the banks of Watendlath Beck, the stream which supplies the Falls with water. Then I walked along the rocky road up the valley to Watendlath Tarn, a little lake nestling in a hollow of the hills. The tarn looks very black and forbidding under a cloudy sky. Over Borrowdale Fells from Watendlath is an easy climb, and well worth doing. The descent into Rosthwaite on the other side provides a series of magnificent views of mountain scenery, embracing Scafell, Scafell Pike, Great Gable, Helvellyn, and all the minor hills of Lakeland.

Down in Borrowdale, one can sit on the banks of the tumbling Derwent, and watch the little trout catch flies—an interesting occupation for town-bred folk like myself; and when one is tired of doing this one can walk back to Lodore, and catch the electric launch back to the other end of Derwentwater.

I could write reams of description of the places I visited and the things I saw, but I do not wish this article to degenerate

into a mere guide-book, so I forbear. Recollections of many delightful days spent in wandering along the highways and byways of Lakeland come crowding through my mind as I write; of hours spent in dreamy meditation on sun-kissed wind-swept hilltops, with only the browsing sheep for company; of exhilarating climbs and perilous descents; of sprained ankles, and Elliman's!

But, however much it might delight me to tell you of them, or please you to hear, I have filled my allotted place in the QUARTERLY, and must perforce now give place to the next contributor, to whom I wish as happy a fate as that which has been mine in the writing of these random recollections.

BY THE WAY

OCTOBER.

The Months are met with their crownlets on
As Julius Cæsar crowned them.
With slaves, and gentlemen thirty-one,
And the ladies, thirty, round them.
But who shall be monarch of all? you ask;
Go ask of the boys and maidens,
For that is the lads' and the lasses' task,
And they choose him afar in cadence.
October! October!
March to the dull and sober!
The suns of May for the school-girls' play
But give to the boys October!

'I vote for March, may it please you,' cries
A student pale and meagre;
'He gives us theme, and lesson, and prize
And scholarship, O so eager!'
But louder now in the distance floats
A choice there is no disguising;
And you hear from two and twenty throats,
The chaunt of the boys uprising,
October, etc.

'For May! for May!' the girls all say,
How mild the air that blows is!
'How nicely sweet the soft spring day,
How sweetly nice the roses!'
But girl and scholar may pray and plead—
The voice of the lads is clearer,
And forty and four are the feet that tread
In time to the music nearer!
October, etc.

October brings the cold weather down,
When the wind and rain continue;
He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,
And braces the languid sinew;
So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,
And the winter frost before us,
Come sing to the king of the mortal year,
And thunder him out in chorus,
October, etc.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION will send out next month *A Year's Lessons for Infant Classes*, Dorothy Tarrant, M.A.; *The Practical Teaching of Jesus of Nazareth as found in the Gospel according to Luke*, Arthur W. Fox, M.A.; *On the Life and Work of St. Paul*, James Drummond, M.A., LL.D.; *Short Account of the Bible Literature*, E. Savell Hicks, M.A.

* * *

Is it right to flee in time of persecution? This was a question that presented itself to the early Christians. It came up again for solution at the Reformation. What answer would your Sunday scholars give? Is it better to run away from persecution or to face it out? Thomas Helwys and his companions who had fled for refuge to Amsterdam in the time of King James grew uneasy in conscience, during their exile, on this very point. They had adopted Baptist ideas during their stay in Holland under the leadership of John Smith. This would make them doubly obnoxious to the ecclesiastical authorities in England, but they resolved to return and, if need be, to suffer at home for their convictions. Accordingly Helwys brought back his little company of fellow believers to England, settling at first in London. This was the first English Baptist Church, and next year will mark the tercentenary of the movement. All this and much more is told by one of our ministers, Rev. W. H. Burgess, in a book which is just coming out from James Clarke's publishing house, price 1/-. The full title shows its scope, 'John Smith the Sebaptist' (the man by the way baptised himself), 'Thomas Helwys, and the First Baptist Church in England, with fresh light upon the Pilgrim Fathers' Church.' There you have it in a nutshell. Get it and read it. You will find there was a healthy variety of opinion among the early English Separatists. The picture usually given of them as complacent and placid Evangelicals is here shown to be erroneous.

* * *

Messrs. Watts (17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street) will shortly issue a book, *Brave Citizens*, written by Mr. F. J. Gould in illustration of the principle that 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' Some of the pages are reprinted from the *Inquirer*. Mr. G. P. Gooch contributes an Introduction. The book is intended for young readers. The whole of the profits will go to the funds of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. The price will be 1/-.

* * *

ECCLESIASTICAL COMPREHENSION AND THEOLOGICAL FREEDOM.—Rev. James Drummond, D.D., LL.D., D.Litt. Rawson & Co., Manchester, 6d. The Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire invited Dr. Drummond to give the first of a series of lectures to be known as the Provincial Assembly Lectures. That was delivered in Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, on April 6th, 1911, and is now published under the title given above. It is a most informing lecture, and although its scope is limited by considerations of space, every page has a point provocative of thought. Can we have unshackled freedom in the search for the truth of God and yet have a definite religious bond of union? That is the

question asked. and Dr. Drummond's answer is in the affirmative, and his defence of the position masterly. The history of the movement towards complete freedom is given in succinct form, and with the notes and appendix makes a very valuable summary. The passage on page 5 is a timely reminder to the modern easy-going Unitarian who forgets the price that has been paid to secure his present freedom from State annoyance and public persecution. No less needful is it to note the careful remarks on toleration that is real and that which is claimed only for oneself and denied to others. Worthy of record too is the passage on Conscience and Intellect which is fundamental and lays bare the spirit that must abide amid all movements towards progress.

* * *

SERMONS IN A NUTSHELL, outlines for Sermons and Addresses, by J. Ellis (Robert Scott, 1/- net). The author of 'The Tool Basket' series will again put many preachers and teachers under obligation by his new compilation, and though there is much in this book which a Unitarian can hardly use, it will be found suggestive. Those who like acrostics will find this on page 14 : SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES (John v. 39) Systematically, Carefully, Reverently, Intently, Prayerfully, Trustingly, Understandingly, Retentively, Everyday, Savingly. There is a stimulating index to titles, and the passages referred to in the Old and New Testaments are given. A book for the teacher who wonders what his lessons shall be next Sunday.

* * *

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF TEACHERS' MATERIAL.—Dr. F. H. Hayward in the *Moral Education League Quarterly* for July writes : What is urgently needed, I would suggest, is the collaboration of some twenty or more people during a period of several years for the purpose of collecting teaching material and ultimately of classifying this under a number of headings and sub-headings. This material might ultimately be published as a small or large encyclopædia. In these days when educational encyclopædias of a very different kind are being produced, there ought to be room for one of an immediately practical nature. The following material would need to be worked over by the collaborators :—

(A) The whole realm of biography. All biographies full of eternal significance should be condensed for teachers' use, verbatim quotations of utterances, etc., being included where these are of a striking nature. Each biography will appear in the index of subjects under several distinct heads—patriotism, devotion to learning, etc. Minor biographies would appear only under (B) below.

(B) Incidents, quotations, etc., of moral and civic significance. Authors of books of quotations have already done much of this work, but it needs to be done afresh from the educational standpoint only.

(C) The world's great books need to be set forth as wholes—many fragments of them will also occur under (B)—and the detailed matters which many of them illustrate will also appear in the index as in the case of the biographies (A).

(D) The listing and indexing of pictures, songs, novels, poems, and pieces of instrumental music is urgently needed. No doubt, attempts of this kind have been made before, but never, I think, from a purely educational standpoint.

The collaborators should look far beyond the mere needs of childhood. Indeed they should collect matter that is suitable respectively for childhood, for adolescence, and for middle age. The education of the future will not stop at the age of fourteen or even eighteen.

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FROM THE 'BACKWOODS,' ALBERTA, CANADA.—Ten years ago one house was built, now an organ is wanted, which presupposes the existence of a church and congregation. A correspondent writes : 'You may like to know how we do things here. A "Basket Social" is a thing that in England you know nothing about ; it is one of the best devices for raising money I have ever heard of. All the ladies take fancy baskets with supper for two in each. After the entertainment the baskets are sold by auction, and the gentleman who buys one takes his supper with the lady who brought it.'

[Advertisement.]

As the weather was bad on our last date, we intend to hold our

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

AND

BASKET SOCIAL

At Hillside Schoolhouse on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, At 8 p.m. prompt.

All come and have a good time. Ladies kindly bring Baskets. Gentlemen don't forget the dollars.

Admission Free. The Baskets will be sold by Auction.

PROCEEDS WILL GO TO THE ORGAN FUND.

* * *

YOUNG MEN'S CLASSES. We invite communications on the subject of Rev. H. Fisher Short's paper. From independent sources we learn that much of the success of the Mossley class—of which Mr. Short is the leader—is largely due to the adoption of the 'catch-my-pal' method. Old members have been looked up, and some who have not attended for nearly twenty years have rejoined. The class has increased in numbers from thirty-five to ninety-five. The principles of Unitarianism are taught, the record of worthies is studied—Unitarian faith at work is a theme of constant inspiration. We believe that Unions such as Mr. Short suggests will be productive of real good, will tend to increase the sense of privilege and responsibility and unite the next generation of church workers for the world by ties of affection and common aspiration. The Brotherhood movement carried on upon these lines among our people will assuredly result in the extension of the kingdom of God upon earth, for members will not be content unless they go out into the high-ways and by-ways to persuade men to join. Every new member means an addition to the forces which make for purity, righteousness and truth. Men trained in our schools are playing their part in the Trades Union world. Why should not their co-operation be sought in the training of another generation of religious enthusiasts who are as much concerned for others' good as their own ? The religious principle is the inspiration of all permanent movements.